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Early English Text Society.

Hymns to the Virgin & Christ,
The Parliament of Devils,
and other
Religious Poems,

CHIEFLY FROM
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S LAMBETH MS. No. 853.

EDITED BY
FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,
M.A., TRIN. HALL, CAMB.; MEMBER OF COUNCIL OF THE PHILOLOGICAL
AND EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETIES.

LONDON:
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The Society's Report, January, 1867, with Lists of Texts to be published in future years, etc., etc., can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53, Berners Street, W.

Hymns to the Virgin and Christ,

The Parliament of Devils,

and other

Religious Poems.

EDINBURGH: T. G. STEVENSON, 22, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET.
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PREFACE.

AFTER telling Mrs Gaskell one day a story for the truth of which I could not vouch, she said, with her beautiful bright smile, "Now I'm going to believe that, whether it's true or not. It ought to be true." On looking through the Lambeth MS. 853, which Mr Stubbs kindly handed to me in Lambeth Palace Library, I could not help saying, "I'll print it all, whether it contains early versions or late; it is a jolly little Manuscript"—a chubby vellum quarto, written in a large, clear, upright hand, which looked at first sight fourteenth century, but which the Museum authorities whom I afterwards consulted put at about 1430 A.D. As nice a little volume as one would wish to handle; a pleasing contrast to the shabby, scrubby, paper Percy folio of two hundred years later that I am now working at. Accordingly, the whole MS. is in type for the Society, and I hope members have no cause to regret it, for though earlier versions of some of the poems are no doubt in existence,—I have printed one at least sixty years older at pp. 106, 108, 110, 112, to show how the late text has changed¹—yet the Lambeth MS. has given us the better text of *The Complaint of Christ*, in "Political, Religious, and Love Poems," (E.E.T.S., 1866,) a better text of "The Parliament of Devils" than that printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and the best texts yet printed of the far-famed *Stans Puer ad Mensam*, "How the Good Wife taught her Daughter," and "How the Wise Man taught his Son," &c.: these, besides other poems of considerable

¹ Two words at least of the earlier text—*sauȝ/en* and *ensauȝte*, "to reconcile" and "unreconciled, at enmity," p. 108, l. 37-38, were unknown to the late scribe, and were changed by him to *soften* and *unsoft*.

beauty and interest in the present volume, and the other Texts I have lately edited, or am now editing, for the Society. The early Englishman, like the modern one, was a religious and superstitious person, and as any one in 2360 A.D. should know of us, that in many educated (or deducated¹) persons' minds now, baptism by an episcopally-ordained clergyman is necessary to salvation, that a man's being drowned while boating on Sunday is a just judgment of God, whereas a similar death on Monday is a sad accident, with a hundred other like notions²; so we should know of our forefathers, if we would estimate them aright, what their religious belief and superstitious fancies were. Mary-worship, Parliament of Devils, Stations of Rome, St Gregory's Trental, and what not: let us have them all: all the nonsense, as well as the expressions of the pure, simple faith, that through life and death our men of old held to. And a survey of our early religious poetry will, I believe,—and so far as I may speak from some work at it,—result in a verdict favourable to the plain good sense

¹ We sadly want some word like this *deducate, deducation, &c.*, to denote the wilful down-leading into prejudice and unreason, in Politics at least, so prevalent in England and everywhere else, to support unjust social arrangements and abuses because they exist, or are in the interest of a powerful class, &c. Let any one think of the amount of deducation attempted about the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the old and modern Reform Bills, the late American War, &c., and then see how hard the deducators still are at their work!

² "Dr Pusey has written another letter to the *Times*, stating his opinion of absolution. He believes that Christ, conferring upon the Apostles the power to remit sins, intended to confer it also upon their 'successors.' He therefore holds that every successor has the power to remit the sins of penitent persons as fully as Christ himself could have done; and so he affirms, on the authority of the Ordination Service, the Church of England also holds. *In other words*, Christ intended to leave the salvation of souls dependent on the will of such human beings as can be proved to have been ordained by the ordained up through the ages to Himself. One single unordained Bishop, say in the middle ages or the third century, would spoil the whole arrangement. Why does not Dr Pusey claim the power of working miracles given to the Apostles at the same time? The invisibility of the power is no greater obstacle in the one case than the other. If the sick did not get visibly better for the priest's touch, neither do the bad get visibly better for his absolution. After all, does the human race advance? A Roman gentleman would have smiled at a superstition so gross as that which Dr Pusey dignifies with the name of Christianity." 1866, Dec. 1, *The Spectator*, p. 1326, col. 1-2. Dr Pusey and his school may not admit the correctness of the statement above, "*In other words.*" I only wish to register here the opinion of one of our best edited weeklies on this point, and to note that however comical the view stated, and a thousand like ones, may seem to our man of 2360 A.D. they were equally so to many in 1866 A.D.

and practical going straight at the main point which Englishmen pride themselves on, whatever amount of philistinism and humbug is mixed up with these qualities. The burden of the early songs (as I read them) is a prayer for forgiveness of sins, a desire to get out of the filth of the flesh, and rise, as well here as hereafter, into the purer and higher life which, to the believer, union with his Saviour implied and implies.

Many of the poems in this volume seem to me very touching and beautiful, and I hope other readers will find them so too. The most interesting to me is the one I have entitled, from l. 638 in it, p. 78, "The Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life, or Bids of the Virtues and Vices for the Soul of Man," pp. 58-78. It sketches the temptations of the well-off man of the period—the MS. is ab. 1430 A.D.—from the time when he was new-born from his mother till, at a hundred years old, Overhope and Wanhope (despair) would ruin him, but Good Hope and Good Faith bring him to trust in God's mercy. At twenty—which may be a misprint for fifteen, xx for xv,—this is the choice presented to the young man.

Quod resoun, "in age of .xx. 3eer.

Goo to oxenford, or lerne lawe."

Quod lust, "harpe & giterne pere may y leere,

And pickid staffe & buckelere, pere-wip to plaue,

At tauerne to make wommen myrie cheere,

And wilde felawis to-gidere drawe,

And be to bemond¹ A good squyer

Al ny3t til pe day do dawe.

¹ For an explanation of this *bemond*, I have asked in vain Mr Chappell, Mr Way, Mr Morris, Mr Skeat, Mr Wright, &c., &c. The only interpretation I can suggest is drawn from a passage in *Le Venery de Twety*, Cotton MS. Vesp. B. xii., printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. I., pp. 149-154. At pp. 152-3 we read, of the hounds hunting the hare, "And if eny fynde of hym, where he hath ben, Rycher or *Bemond*, ye shall say, *oyez a Bemond le vayllaunt, que quide trover le coward, ou le court cow.*" The name *Bemond* might easily pass from the leading hound to the leader of a revel, or be used, by personification, for a fancied god of indulgence in women and wine, a sort of Bacchus. I think it certain that this *bemond* has nothing to do with the *demol* (flat, *b*), and *bequarre* (natural, the square *b*, *♩*) of the curious song on learning music in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. I., p. 292, or the *bemy* of the Burlesque, p. 83, *ib.* last line. In our early music books *B* is *si*, though in the earliest I have seen, no name is given to it.

f. p. xix.

Conscience's remonstrance that this will waste his friends' money and his own time and learning, is answered by

"Good conscience, goo preche to þe post,

þi councel saueriþ not my tast . . .

Al my lust y wole ful-fille,

I wole spare no womman."

After the advice of Pride, Gluttony, Lechery, Wrath, Envy, Sloth, Covetousness, and Avarice, to the young man, how to indulge his passions and lusts, comes Pride again with this bit of counsel as to dress :

"Apparaile þe propirli," quod Pride,

"Loke þi pockettis passe þe lengist gise ;

Slatre þi clothis boþe schorte & side [= wide]

Passinge all opere mennis sise."

And so the poem continues with allusions, more or less, to the manners of the times. The *pockettis* of the verses last quoted serve to fix the date of the composition of the poem, if they are (as I suppose them to be) what Camden in his *Remaines*, p. 196, calls "*pocketting sleeves*."¹ He says

"Of the long pocketting sleeves in the time of King Henry the Fourth, Hocclive, a master of that age, sings,

Now hath this land little need of broomes

To sweep away the filth out of the streete,

Sen side sleeves of pennillesse groomes

Will it up licke, be it dry or weete."

The woodcut of the Duke of Gloucester[?] on p. 153 of Mr Fairholt's *Costume in England*, copied from the Royal MS. 15 E 4 (fol. 14), in the British Museum, shows the long pocket sleeve admirably, and 'his crimson jacket furred with deep red is exceedingly short,' but gathered in close folds behind. At p. 159 of Fairholt is another woodcut of an attendant with the pocket sleeve, from the same Royal MS. 14 E 4. On fol. 133 of the same Royal MS. are three figures with the long pocket sleeves, and one of them has his sleeves tied

¹ Pockets begin to appear in women's dresses in Edward the Third's time, says Fairholt, and are shown in that king's daughter's dress on the south side of his tomb in Westminster Abbey, as copied in Fairholt, p. 100.

behind his back, just below the bottom of his jacket. The very wide and short doublet seems not to have appeared till about 1460, and not to have been slashed. The tighter plaited jacket of Edward the Fourth's reign, also contemporary with pocket sleeves, had "large sleeves, open at the sides to display the shirt beneath," as shown in the cut on pages 154 and 159 of Fairholt. This is the only *slatring* (supposing it means *slashing*) shown in the figures, unless the opening for the arm in the long pocket sleeve be meant by the words of the poem. But the slashing of garments was at least as early as Chaucer's 'so mochil pounsyng of chiseles to make holes, so moche daggyng of sheris' (*Persones Tale*, ed. Wright, p. 143, col. 2).

The *rere* or late suppers noticed in l. 374 of this Mirror poem are complained of by Roberd of Brunne in 1303. *Handlyng Synne*, p. 226, l. 7260-3. (See also the servants' 'rere sopars' denounced, l. 7268-79.)

Rere sopers yn pryuyte,
Wyp glotonye echone þey be ;
And þyr is moche waste ynne,
And gadryng of ouper synne.

Doubtless Roberd was not the first preacher who inveighed against them. He also complains of the rich man lying long in bed on Sundays.

When he heryþ a bel ryng
To holy cherche men kallyng,
þan may he not hys bedde lete,
But þan behoueþ hym lygge and swete,
And take þe mery mornyng slepe.

Handlyng Synne, p. 135, l. 4258-62.

For the last three Poems in this volume I am indebted to Mr W. Aldis Wright, who copied them from MSS. under his charge in the Library of the Trinity College, Cambridge. The first, *Quindecim Signa ante diem Iudicii*, he desired to print on account of its variations from the other earlier versions of the Poem in the E.E. Poems I edited for the Philological Society (Transactions 1858, Pt. II. pp. 7-12), in Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience*, the *Metrical Homilies* edited by Mr Small (in E. E. Poems as above, pp. 162-3), &c. The

second forms a companion to the Virgin's Complaint in our *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, 1866, and the third is given for its historic interest, and its contrast to the temper in which the later chronicler wrote of Archbishop Scrope's death.

Some of the poems bear traces of having been Southernized from a Northern original, as in using *boon* for *bane*, p. 25, l. 108, *lastande na mare*, l. 115, *sizhande*, p. 30, l. 261, and Mr Perry has just sent me a version from the Northern Thornton MS. of the Sweetness of Jesus, pp. 8-11, here, pp. 83-6 of the Text edited by Mr Perry from the Thornton MS. that will appear with this one. I have only in conclusion to return thanks to the Archbishop of Canterbury for the loan of his pretty little Manuscript, and to Mr Aldis Wright for his help, always so willingly given, notwithstanding the pressure of crowds of other work that would overwhelm an ordinary man.

3 St George's Square, N.W.

12th November, 1866.

CORRIGENDA.

P. 27, l. 171. *Lijknes* is no doubt a miswriting of the MS. for *sijknes*, sickness.

P. 61, l. 96. *Put* " after *dawe*.

P. 119, l. 38. *For dryve. read dryve*, (comma for full stop).

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NOTES.

Pref. p. iv, l. 7. A just judgment of God. Compare Cotgrave's "*Vne Iambe de dieu*. Soe doe the canting and blasphemous rogues of France tearme a cankered, gaugrened, or desperately-sore leg. A.D. 1611.

p. 35. *I wiyte myself myn owne woo*. Sir F. Madden, in his Introduction to *Syr Gawayne*, p. lxx, notes another copy of this, "a Poem in ten eight-line stanzas, the burden of which is 'I wite my self myne owne wo,' on fol. 71 of MS. Rawlinson, C. 86, Bodleian Library. It begins 'In my youthe fulle wylyde I was.'" Another is printed from MS. Cotton. Calig. A 11 fol. 106, v* in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, v. 1, p. 197-200. It is in 15 stanzas of 8, with two introductory lines :

I may say, and so may mo,
I wyte mysylfe myne owene woo.

p. 41. "The Parlyament of Deuylls" was also "Enprynted In London In Powels chyrcheyard By Julyan Notary. A. M. M.CCCCC. & xx"; and Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1509 was "reprinted by Nicol for R. Heber, Esq., as his contribution to the Roxburghe Club, but for private reasons, never issued to its members." *Bohn's Lowndes*. Colophon. "Thus endeth the parlyament of deuylls. Enprynted by Wynkyn de word / prynter unto the moost excellent prynsesse my lady the kynges moder. The yere of our lorde .M.CCCCC. & ix."

p. 58. *The Mirror*. In Admiral Swinburne's incomplete copy of *The noble lyfe & natures of man Of bestes / serpentys / fowles & fishes yt be moste knownen*, by Laurens Andrewe of y^e towne of Calis, is a large cut running across both pages (a iii b, a iv), of the Ten Ages of Man, in ten double compartments, boy and man in the ten stages at top, and the ten beasts he is likened to, underneath. Below are verses applying to each age.

"Here after foloweth the ten ages of mankynde lykened be ten dyuers bestis as here is expresly shewed / and how the nature of mankynde dothe change from ten tyme of a co

[Cut of] The .X. Ages.

[Fro]M one vnto .x. a childe is he
[Whyp]inge his toppe with sports & plays
[Lep]lyng as ye gote right merily.
. . . . s his care bothe nyght & day
[At .xx. yere he is iocond an]d plesand
. , t pryde
.
.

¶ At .xxx. yere he is named a man
And syb to the bull of nature stronge
Reuenginge his right where euer he cam
with whome it be bothe short & longe

- ¶ Nowe forty yere he is ywys
 Condicyond as a lyon in euery degre
 Which maketh hym often withouten mys
 To lese his wysdom beleue ye me
- ¶ At fifty yere then can he glose
 Wily as the forein worde and dede
 That euer wyll wyne & neuer lose
 & eke of his seruyse he wyl haue mede
- ¶ At threscore yere he dothe descende
 But couetyse in him is roeted than
 Euyñ as the wolfe he doth amendeñ
 y woroeth the shepe wher euer he can
 At .lxx. he is syb to the hownde
 y gnaweth y^e bone so doth he his hart
 All sportes he casteth to the grownde
 Lest therfore his sowle sholde smart
- ¶ At fourscore yere withouten fayle
 He is disdayned with man and wyfe
 Syb to the Cat that lycketh her tayle
 Euer be the fyre that is his lyfe
- ¶ At fourscore & x he is s . . .
 Scorned of man and child h[e is]
 From hym is wisdom & st[rength] gone
 Echone wyll his deth in b
- ¶ At .C. yere dethe comes
 & maketh him as a gose y^t i[s] . . .
 So plucke y^e frendes
 But he in erthe is s"

p. 83. *This worlde is but a vanite*. A later copy of this Poem, with the burden "This world is but a wannyté" was printed by Mr Halliwell for the Warton Club in 1855, in *Early English Miscellanies*, p. 9-12. It has ten stanzas of eight lines each, and winds up with an extra "In Domino confydo. Amen, dico vobis."

p. 88. *Erpe vppon erpe*. In Mr Halliwell's *Early English Miscellanies* from the Porkington MS., Warton Club, 1855, is a later and somewhat different version of this poem in twelve stanzas of six, and two introductory stanzas of seven lines. Mr Halliwell calls the Porkington one "the most complete copy known to exist." It seems a late recast of the old version. Mr Halliwell also notes, p. 94, "Other versions, varying considerably from each other, are preserved in MS. Seld. sup. 53; MS. Rawl. C. 307; MS. Rawl. Poet. 32; MS. Lambeth 853 (in this text); and in the Thornton MS. in Lincoln Cathedral (fol. 279). Portions of it are occasionally found inscribed on the walls of churches."

p. 137. Note to p. 58. The inquirer as to climacterical years is referred to "A Succinct Phylosophical Declaration of the nature of clymateral yeares occasioned by the death of Queene Elizabeth" in MS. Sloane 2117, fol. 231.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS FOR THE SOCIETY'S TEXTS.

[Printed on one side only, to allow of each slip being cut off and gummed
in the volume to which it refers.]

24. HYMNS TO THE VIRGIN AND CHRIST.

p. 61, l. 95. *Bemond*. Mr W. Aldis Wright has at last explained this word that posed us all:—"In Wood's History and Antiquities of Oxford (ed. Gutch; Oxford, 1792), vol. i. p. 263, there is mention made of the citizens at Oxford being deprived of 'their usual and daily sports in *Beaumont*.' Wood quotes in the same paragraph some lines of Robert of Gloucester (Hearne's ed. p. 540), among which are these:

'The gates, tho he was iwend, were alle vp ibroz
Sone, bote Smithe gate, ac that nas undo nouzt.
The clerkes adde ther-thoru muche solas ilore,
To pleye toward *Beumound*, anuid hii were ther-uore.'

From which I gather that '*bemond*' is 'Beumound' or Beaumont, a suburb of Oxford,¹ where I think Henry I. had a palace and whither evidently the citizens and students resorted for amusement.² This seems to me to be confirmed by the contrast between the advice given by 'resoun' and that given by 'lust.' The former says, 'Goo to *oxenford*, or lerne lawe.' The latter, 'be to *bemond* a good squyer!'" The making a man a squyer to a place need occasion no difficulty, as a loose Cambridge man might be called 'a devotee of Barnwell.' (3 Nov. 1869. See Mr Wright's longer comment in *Notes and Queries*, 11 Dec. 1869.)

¹ Cp. R. Glover's ' & suththe, thoru Beaumont, to hare welle it [the gate] bere,' p. 540.

² *Beaumont Street* is still a street in Oxford, some way out, near the Clarendon Press.

24. HYMNS TO THE VIRGIN.—Page 67, l. 288, *for frere read frere*.
Page 96, l. 33. Is not the word rather to be read *foonnend* (n NOT u)? = *fonnend* = *fond*.—W. W. S.
Page 127, l. 21, *for cord read cors*; l. 22, *for fuly the MS. reads July*.
Page 132, col. 1. *Defie* is 'feel mistrust for;' see *Deffier*, *Deasier*, in Cotgrave.—W. W. S.
Page 137, col. 2. *jeere*.—*To-jeere* is a compound word, meaning *this year, soon*; see *To-year* in Halliwell: and I think with North Country men it is usual to say—You won't do it *t' year* (the year, this year)—You won't do it *in a hurry*. I'm convinced I've heard this phrase in some peasant's talk.—W. W. S.

Hymns to the Virgin, Christ, &c.

Veni, Coronaberis.

(A SONG OF GREAT SWEETNESS FROM CHRIST TO HIS
DAINTIEST DAM.)

(*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. A.D. 1430, page 1.*)

- S**Urge mea sponsa, swete in sizt,
And se þi sone þou ʒafe souke so scheene;
þou schalt abide with þi babe so briȝt,
4 And in my glorie be callide a queene.
Thi mammillis, moder, ful weel y meene,
Y had to my meete þat y myȝt not mys;
Aboue alle creaturis, my moder clene,
8 Veni, coronaberis.
- C**ome, clenner þan cristal, to my cage;
Columba mea, y þee calle,
And se þi sone þat in seruage
12 For mǎnnis soule was made a þralle.
In þi palijs so principal
I pleyde priuyli wiþoute mys;
Myn hiȝ cage, moder, haue þou schal;
16 Veni, coronaberis.
- Arise, My beloved,
who gavest Me
suck

from thy breasts.

Above all crea-
tures thou shalt
be crowned.

Come, My dove,

and see thy son
who was made a
slave for man.

Thou shalt have
His high place,
and be crowned.

Daughter of Sion,
spotless flower,

thou shalt sit
crowned by Me,

[Page 2.]
and all My saints
shall honour thee.

Princess of
Paradise, Mother
fair,

the well of mercy
in thee shall bring
thy blessed body
to bliss.
Come and be
crowned.

Come, My chosen
one, Maiden
Queen,

dwel here with
Me in bliss,

and be crowned.

[Page 3.]
Sweet Mother,
remember the
dew that dropped
from our lips
when we kissed.

Come and be
crowned.

- F**or macula, moder, was neuere in þee ;
Filia syon, þou art þe flour ;
Ful sweteli schalt þou sitte bi me,
20 And bere a crowne *with* me in tour,
¶ And alle my seintis to þin honour
Schal honoure þee, moder, in my blis,
þat blessid bodi þat bare me in bowur,
24 Veni, coronaberis.

- T**ota pulcra þou art to my plesynge,
My moder, princes of paradijs,
Of þee a watir ful well gan sprynge
28 þat schal azen alle my riztis rise ;
¶ þe welle of mercy in þee, moder, lijs
To bringe þi blessid bodi to blis ;
And my seintis schulen do þee service,
32 Veni, coronaberis.

- V**eni, electa mea, meekeli chosen,
Holi moder & maiden queene,
On sege to sitte semeli bi him an hiȝ,
36 þi sone and eek þi childa.
¶ Here, moder, wiȝ me to dwelle,
With þi swete babe þat sittip in blis,
þere in ioie & blis þat schal neuere mys,
40 Veni, coronaberis.

- V**eni, electa mea, my moder swete,
Whanne þou bad me, babe, be ful stille,
Ful goodli oure lippis þan gan mete,
44 With briȝt braunchis as blosmes on hille.
¶ Fanus distillans it wente *with* wille,
Oute of oure lippis whanne we dide kis,
þefore, moder, now ful stille,
48 Veni, coronaberis.

- V**eni de libano, pou loueli in launche,
 pat lappid me loueli with liking song,
 pou schalt abide with a blessid braunche,
 52 pat so semeli of pi bodi sprong.

Come from
 Lebanon, thou
 who sangst Me to
 sleep,

- ¶ Ego, flos campi, pi flour, was solde,
 pat on calueri to pee cried y-wys :
 Moder, pou woost pis is as y wolde ;

Me who on
 Calvary cried to
 thee.

- 56 Veni, coronaberis.

- P**ulera vt luna, pou berist pe lamme,
 As pe sunne pat schineþ clere,
 Veni in ortum meum, pou deintiest damme,
 60 To smelle my spicis¹ pat here ben in fere.
 My palijs is piȝt for pi pleasure,
 Ful of briȝt braunchis & blommes of blis ;
 Come now, moder, to pi derling dere !
 64 Veni, coronaberis.

Lovely as moon-
 light,

come thou to Me.

[Page 4.]
 My palace is dight
 with blossoms of
 blis.
 Come, Mother,
 come and be
 crowned.

- Q**uid est ista so vertuose
 pat is euere lastyng for hir mekenes ?
 Aurora consurgens graciouse,
 68 So benigne a ladi, of such briȝtnes,
 ¶ his is pe colour of kinde clenness,
 Regina celi pat neuere dide mys ;
 þus endip pe song of greet sweettnes,
 72 Veni, coronaberis.

Who is she that
 shall endure for
 ever for her
 meekness ?

The Queen of
 Heaven, who
 never sinned.
 Come thou then,
 and be crowned !

[*Quia Amore Languet*, or "In a tabernacle of a tour," and its continuation "In a valey of his restles mynde," printed in *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, pp. 143-150, follow here. Then "Ihesu, pi swetnes," p. 8, and "Ihesus pat sprong, p. 12, of this volume.]

¹ Compare "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south ; blow upon my garden, *that* the spices thereof may flow out. - Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." *Solomon's Song*, ch. iv. 16. "My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies." vi. 2.

Hail, Blessed Mary!

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 24.]

The heavy Clarendon letters mark the red of the MS.

Hail, Mary,
Mother of

the Son of God!
Maiden, never
defouled,

fairest flower of
the field.

Hail, comely
Queen,

healer of all pain.

[Page 25.]
Hail, mother of
Christ,

the king of Angels.

Hail, fairest of all,
who bred our
bliss, on whom all
women in child-
bed call.

All fiends dread
thee, who feddest
thy Son with
maiden milk,
Thou flower of
virgins.

- H**eil be þou, marie, þe modir of crist,
Heil þe blessidist þat euere bare child!
Heil þat conceyuedist al wiþ list
4 þe sone of god hoþe meeke & mylde!
¶ Heil maide sweete þat neuere was filid!
Heil welle and witt of al wijsdome!
Heil þou flour! heil fairest in feeld!
8 **Aue regina celorum!**
- H**eil comeli queene, coumfort of care!
Heil blessid lady bothe fair & briȝt!
Heil þe saluour of al sore!
12 Heil þe laumpe of lemys liȝt!
¶ Heil þou blessid beerde in whom [crist] was piȝt!
Heil ioie of man bothe al and sum!
Heil pinnacle in heuene an hiȝt,
16 **Mater regis angelorum!**
- H**eil crowned queene, fairest of alle!
Heil þat alle oure blis in bradde!
Heil þat alle wommen on doon calle
20 in temynge whanne þei ben hard bistadde!
¶ Heil þou þat alle feendis dredde,
And schulen do til þe day of doome!
With maidens mylk þi sone þou fedde,
24 **O maria, flos virginum.**

- Heil fairest þat euere god foond,
 Whiche chees þee to his owne bour !
 Heil þe lanterne þat is ay lizthond !
 28 To þee schulen loute boþe riche & poore.
 ¶ Heil spice swettist of sauour !
 Heil þat al oure ioye of come !
 Heil of alle wommen fruyt & flour !
 32 Velud¹ rosa vel lilium.

Hail, choice of
 God,

whom rich and
 poor adore.

Hail, fruit and
 flower of
 womankind.
 [1 *P velud*; i. e.,
 and a rubbed]

- Heil be þou goodli ground of grace !
 Heil blessid sterre upon þe see !
 Heil of coumfortis in euery caas !
 36 ¶ Heil þe cheeuest of charitee !
 Heil welle of witt and of merci !
 Heil þat bare ihesu, goddis sone !
 Heil tabernacle of þe trynyste !
 40 Funde preces ad filium.

Hail, Star upon
 the sea,

chefeest in
 charity,

tabernacle of the
 Trinity.

- Heil be þou virgyne of virgins !
 Heil blessid modir ! heil blessid may !
 Heil norische of sweete ihesus !
 44 Heil cheefest of chastite, forsoþe to say !
 ¶ Lady, kepe vs so in oure last day
 þat we may come to þi kingdom !
 For me & alle cristen þou pray,
 48 Pro salute fidelium. Amen.

Hail, blessed
 maiden,

In our last day
 bring us to thy
 realm.

Pray for all faith-
 ful souls !

Aue Maria.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., fol. 26. Partly
written without breaks.*]

Hail, Mary,
Queen and Star of
Heaven! help me
and hear my
prayer.

[1 Page 27.]

- H**Eil be þou marie, cristis moder dere,
þat art queene of heuen, fair and sweete of chere,
þat art sterre of heuen schinyng bryzt & clere!
4 Helpe me, lady ¹ful of myzt, & heere my praier
Aue maria.

To thee I make
my moan: let
me not die in
any of the Seven
Sins.

- H**eil blessid marie, mylde queene of heuen!
Blessid be þi name, ful good it is to nempne:
8 To þee, lady, y make my moone; I praie þee
heere my steuen,
And let me neuere die in noon of þe synnis
seuene.

Aue maria.

Hail, Mary, flower
of all!

To thee I pray!

be by me when I
die,

and save me from
Satan's bonds.

- H**eil be þou marie þat art flour of alle,
12 As roose in eerbir so reed!
To þee, ladi, y clepe and calle,
To þee y make my beed;
þou be in stide & in stalle
16 Whanne y schal drawe to deed,
And lete me neuere falle
in boondis of þe queed!

Aue maria.

Grant me my
prayer,

- 20 **H**eil be þou, marie, þat hiȝ sittist in troone!
Y biseche þee, swete lady, graunte me my
boone,

Ihesu to loue & drede, & my lijfe to ameende soone, amend my life,
 And bring me to þat blis þat neuere schal be and bring me to
 doone. overlasting bliss.

24

Aue maria.

Heil be þou marie, gloriouse moder hende ! Send me meek-
 Meeknes & honeste, with abstynence, me sende, ness and charity,
 With chastite & charite into my lyues eende, that I may go to
heaven.

28 And þat þoruþ þi praier, lady, I mote to heuen
 blis weende !

Aue maria.

[*Oratio Magistri Richardi de Castro*, p. 15, below, follows here.]

Poems to Christ.

The Sweetness of Jesus.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 14.*]

Jesu, beside Thy
sweetness all

earthly love is
bitter.

Teach me

firmly to set my
heart on Thee.

No earthly love
delights like
Thine,

the King of
Love.

I would my heart
were wholly
Thine.

[Page 15.]
If Nature bids me
love my kin, I
should love Thee
first, who didst
put Thy likeness
in my soul.

IHesu, þi swetnes, who-so myȝte it se,
And þerof haue a cleere knowynge,
Al erþeli loue bittir schulde be
4 Saue þin a-loone without leesinge.
I praie þee, lord, þat lore leere me,
Aftir þi loue to haue longynge,
And sadli to sette myn herte on þee,
8 In þi loue to haue most liking.

So likinge loue in erþe noon is ;
In soule who-so coude him soþeli se,
Him to loue were mykil blis,
12 For king of loue callid is he.
¶ With true loue, y wolde þis,
So faste to him bounde be,
þat myne herte were holli his
16 So þat no þing likid me but he.

IF y for kyndenes schulde loue my kyn,
þan me þenkiþ in my þouȝte
Bi kyndeli skile y schulde bigynne
20 At him þat haþ me maade of nouȝt.
¶ His lijknys he sette my soule with-inne,
And al þis world for me haþ wrouȝt,
As fadir he fondid my loue to wrynne,
24 For to heuene he haþ me brouȝt.

- A**s moder of him, y make now mynde,
 þat bifore my birþe to me toke hede,
 And sipen *with* bapty^m waischip þat kynde
 28 þat foulide was þoru; adams dede.
 ¶ *With* noble mete he norischip oure kynde,
 For *with* his fleisch he doop us fede,
 A bettere fode may no man fynde,
 32 To lastyng^e lijf it wole us lede.

Before my birth
 He cared for me,

and now feeds
 our race with His
 blood.

- O**ure broþer & sustir he is bi skile,
 For he so seide, & lerid us þat lore
 þat who so wrouȝte his fadris wille
 36 Briþeren & sustren to him pei wore.
 ¶ Mi kinde also he toók þer-tille,
 Ful truli truste y him þerfore
 þat he wole neuere letē me spille,
 40 But wiþ his mercy salue my sore.

He is the brother
 and sister of

those who do His
 Father's will.

[Page 16.]
 He took my
 nature, and so I
 trust Him.

- T**he loue of him passiþ, certis,
 Al erpeli loue þat may ben here ;
 God & man, my spouse he is,
 44 Weel ouȝte y, wrecche, to loue him dere.
 ¶ Boþe heuen and erþe holli is his,
 He is lord of greet powere,
 Callid he is þe kyng of blis,
 48 His loue me longiþ for to leere.

His love passes
 all earthly love,
 and He is my
 spouse.

His name is King
 of Bliss.

- A**ftir his loue me þenkiþ long
 For he haþ myne ful dere y-bouȝte ;
 Whanne y was wente fro him *with* wrong,
 52 From heuen to erþe he me souȝte.
 ¶ Mi wrecchid kynde for me he fonge,
 And al his nobley he sette as nouȝt,
 Pouert he suffride, & peynes stronge,
 56 Aȝen to blis or he me brouȝte.

He bought my
 love full dear,

took my wretched
 nature, and

brought me to
 bliss.

[Page 17.]
Love for me
brought Him to
earth,
and for that He
pledged His life,

and shed His
precious blood.

His sides were
bloody, His heart
pierced with a
spear.

He gave His life
for my guilt.

My heart should
break with pity,

for I was cause
of all His woe.

[Page 18.]
For me He
suffered death,

and rose again,

and went to
heaven.

He protects me
from my foes,

the friend that
never fails, and
asks only my love
again.

- W**haune y was þral, to make me fre,
Mi loue fro heuene to erþe him ledde,
My loue aloone haue wolde he,
60 For þerfore he leide his lijf to wedde.
¶ Wiþ my foo he fauhte for me,
Woundid he was, and bittirli bledde,
His preciouſe blood ful greet plente
64 Ful piteuousli for me was ſchedde.

- H**iſe ſidis bloo and blodi were
þat ſumtyme were ful briht of blee ;
His herte was perſid wiþ a ſpere,
68 Hiſe ruli woundis were rupe to ſe.
¶ Mi rauuſum forſoþe hæ paid þere,
And ȝaf his lijf for gilt of me,
His deēp ſchulde be to me ful dere,
72 And perſe myn herte for pure pitee.

- F**or pitee myn herte ſchulde breke on two,
To hiſ kyndenes if y took hede ;
Encheſon y was of al hiſ woo,
76 He ſuffride ful harde for my miſ-dede.
¶ To laſtyng lijf þat y ſchulde go,
He ſuffride deēp in hiſ manhede ;
And whaune hiſ wille was to lyue alſo,
80 Aȝen he roos þoruȝ hiſ godhede.

- T**o heuen he wente with myche bliſ
Whaune he ouercome hiſ bataile,
Hiſ baner ful brode diſplayid iſ
84 Whaune ſo my fo wole me aſſaile.
¶ Weel ouȝte y, wrecche, to ben hiſ,
He iſ þat frend þat neuere wole faile ;
No þing deſiriþ he þat iſ,
88 But true loue aȝen for hiſ trauaile.

- T**hus wolde my spouse for me fyt,
 And for me was woundid sore,
 For my loue his deef was di,t;
 92 What loue myzte he kipe more?
 ¶ To zelde his loue haue y no myzte
 But loue him hertili perfore,
 And worche weel *with* werkis ryzt
 96 þat he hap lerid me *with* loueli lore.

For me He was
 wounded sore,
 and died.

I cannot repay
 His love, but

only obey His
 commands.

- W**ip loueli lore his werkis to fille,
 Weel cuzte y, wrecche, if y were kynde,
 Nyzt & day to worche his wille,
 100 And euere haue þat lord in mynde.
 ¶ But goostli foos greuen me ille,
 And my freel fleisch makip me blinde;
 þefore his mercy y toke me tille,
 104 For betere bote can y noon fynde.

[Page 19.]
 I must alway
 work His will;

but my foes and
 flesh blind me.

I fly to His mercy,

- B**etere bote is noon to me
 þan to his mercy truli me take
 þat *with* his fleisch hap made me free,
 108 And me, wrecche, his childe wole make.
 ¶ I praie þat lord for his pitee
 þat he for synne me not forsake,
 But ȝeue me grace fro synne to flee,
 112 And him to loue let me neuere slake.

which is my best
 remedy.

O Lord, forsake
 me not, but give
 me grace to love
 Thee.

- I**hesu, for þe swetnes þat in þee is,
 Haue mynde of me whan y hens wende,
With stidfast truþe my wittis þou wis,
 116 And, lord, þou scheelde me *from* þe feende!
 ¶ For þi mercy forȝeue me my mys,
 þat wickid werk my soule neuere schende,
 And lede me, lord, in-to þi blis,
 120 *With* þee to wone *withoute* cende. AMEN.

For Thy
 sweetness

keep me from the
 evil one!

[Page 20.]
 For Thy mercy
 lead me into bliss,
 ever to dwell
 with Thee!

Be my Coumfort, Crist Ihesus !

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1400 A.D., page 20.*]

Jesu,

savour sweet to
man's soul,

thou Virgin's
son !

Son, and Mother,
comfort me !

Jesu,

to save man's
soul
thou wert poorly
clad, put in a
cradle,
[Page 21.]

born in
Bethlehem.

By Thy kiss to
Thy mother,

comfort me !

Jesu, who wast
fair when young,

Ihesus pat sprong of iesse roote,
As us hap prechid pi prophete,
Flour and fruyt bope softe and sote,
4 To mannis soule of sauour sweete ;
Ihesu ! pou brouztist man to boote
Whanne gabriel gan marie greete,
To felle oure foomen vndir foote,

8 In hir pou sij a semeli sete :
¶ A mayden was pi modir meete,
Of whom pou took fleisch for us ;
As 3e may bope my balis beete,
12 So be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

Ihesu, pou art wijsdom of witt
Of pi fadir ful of myzt !
Mannys soule, to saue it,
16 In poore aparaile pou were pizt.
¶ Ihesu ! pou were in cradil knyt,
In wede wrappid bope day & nyzt,
In bethleem born, as pe gospel writt,
20 With aungelis song and heuene lizt.
Barn y-born of a beerde brizt,
Ful curteis was pi comeli cus ;
poru3 uertu of pat sweete sizte,
24 So be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

Ihesu, pat were of 3eeris zong,
Fair and fresch of hide and hue,

- Whanne þou were in þraldom þrong,
 28 And turmentid *with* many a iewe,
 ¶ Whanne blood and watir were out wrong,
 For beetinge was þi bodi blewe ;
 As a clot of clay þou were for-clonge,
 32 So deed in þrouȝ þanne men þee þrewe.
 ¶ But grace of þi graue grew ;
 þou roos up quik coumfort to us.
 For hir loue þat þis councel knewe,
 36 So be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

when Thou wert
on the Crosse,

turned'st blue,

and like a clod of
clay wast cast in
grave.

But quickly Thou
arose.

Then comfort me.

- I**hesu, soopfast god and man,
 Two kindis knyȝt in oon persone,
 þe wondir werk þat þou bigan
 40 þou hast fulfillid in fleisch & bone.

[Page 22.]
Jesu, God and
man,

- ¶ Out of þis world wiȝtli þou wan,
 Liftynge up þi silf a-loone ;
 For myȝtli þou roos, & ran
 44 Streiȝt vnto þi fadir in trone.
 ¶ Now dare man make no more moone ;
 For man it is þou wrouȝte þus,
 And god wiȝ man is maade at oone,
 48 So be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

soon Thou rose
from the dead to

Thy Father's
throne.
Man shall mourn
no more,

so comfort me.

- ¶ **I**hesu crist, holi and hende,
 þat beerde was blessid þat bare þee,
 Aftir hir whanne þou gan sende,
 52 In heuene blis wiȝ þee to bee.
 ¶ Out of þis worlde whanne sche wende,
 Boþe bodi & soule were sett in see
 Hiȝer þan ony of aungelis kinde,
 56 In troone a-fore þe trynyte.
 ¶ þere may þe sone his modir se
 In heuene an hiȝ to helpen us ;
 þou peerless princes, praie for me !
 60 And be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

Jesu, Thou
sentest for Thy
Mother to heaven,
and set her higher

than the angels
on a throne.

[Page 23.]
Peerless Princess,
pray for me!
and, Jesus,
comfort me!

Jesus,

rule me,

be my food in
body and soul,

stay my sorrow,

and comfort me.

Prince of Peace,
I pray Theehelp me in all my
fear,

[Page 24.]

let me please Thee
in word and deed,and die well at
my day.Be my comfort,
Christ !

Ihesu, my souereyne sauour,
Almyȝti god, þere ben no moo :

Crist, þou be my gouernour,
64 þi feiþ lete me not fallen fro.

¶ Ihesu, my ioye and my socoure !
In my body and soule also,
God, þou be my strengist fode,

68 And wisse þou me whan me is wo.

¶ Lord, þou makist freend of foo,
Lete me not lyue in langour þus,
But se my sorowe, & seie now 'ho,'

72 And be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

Ihesu, to þee y crie and greede ;
Prince of pees, to þee y praye ;
þou woldist bleede for mannis nede,

76 And suffre manye a feerdful fray.

¶ þou me fede in al my drede

Wiþ pacience now and ay
Mi lijf to lede in word & dede

80 As is moost plesaunt to þi pay,

¶ And to deie weel whanne it is my day.

Ihesu, þat deied on tree for us,

Lete me not be þe feendis pray,

84 But be my coumfort, crist ihesus ! AMEN.

[The two Hymns to the Virgin, "Heil be þou, Marie," printed
on pages 4-7 of this Text, follow here.]

Richard de Castre's Prayer to Jesus.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 28, written
without breaks.*]

Oratio magistri Richardi de castre, quam ipse posuit.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>IHesu, lord, þat madist me,
 And wiþ þi blessid blood hast bouzt,
 Forȝeue þat y haue greued þee
 4 With worde, with wil, And eek with pouzt.</p> | <p>Jesu,

 forgive what I
 have grieved
 Thee.</p> |
| <p>¶ Ihesu, in whom in al my trust,
 þat deied upon þe roode tree,
 Withdrawe myn herte from fleischli lust,
 8 And from al wordli vanyte !</p> | <p>Withdraw my
 heart from fleshly
 lust.</p> |
| <p>¶ Ihesu, for þi woundis smerte
 On feet & on þin hondis two,
 Make me meeke & low of herte,
 12 And þee to loue as y schulde do !</p> | <p>Make me meek
 and lowly of
 heart.</p> |
| <p>¶ Ihesu, for þi bitter wounde
 þat wente to þin herte roote,
 For synne þat haþ myn herte bounde,
 16 þi blessid bloode mote be my bote.</p> | <p>Thy blood must
 heal my guilt.</p> |
| <p>¶ And ihesu crist, to þee y calle
 þat art god ful of myzt ;
 Kepe me cleene, þat y ne falle
 20 In deedli synne neiþer be day ne nyzt.</p> | <p>Keep me pure
 from mortal sin.</p> |

Let me never
displease Thee.

¶ Ihesu, graunte me myne askinge,
Perfite pacience in my disese,
And neuere mote y do þat þing
24 þat schulde þee in ony wise displese.

Grant that I and
all to whom I am
bound may die
well.
[Page 29.]

¶ Ihesu þat art oure heuenli king,
Soopefast god, & man also,
3eue me grace of good eendinge,
28 And hem þat Y am holden vnto.

Speed my prayers
that I may not be
condemned.

¶ Ihesu, for þe deedly teeris
þat þou scheeddist for my gilt,
Here & spede my praiers,
32 And spare me þat y be not spilt.

Keep Thy reveng-
ing hand from
those who anger
Thee.

¶ Ihesu, for them y þe biseche
þat wrappen þee in ony wise,
With-holde from hem þin hond of wreche,
36 And lete hem lyue in þi seruice.

Comfort all who
are full of care.

¶ Ihesu, moost coumfort for to se
Of þi seintis euerychoone,
Coumfort hem þat careful been,
40 And helpe hem þat ben woo bigoon.

Amend all who
have grieved Thee.

¶ Ihesu, keepe hem þat been goode,
And ameende hem þat han greued þee,
And sende hem fruytis of erþeli fode
44 As ech man nedip in his degree.

Stop these wars,
and send us peace.

¶ Ihesu, þat art with-uten lees
Almyzti god in trynnye,
Ceesse þese werris, & sende us pees
48 Wip lastinge loue & charitee.

Ihesu, þat art þe goostli stoon.
Of al holi chirche in myddil erþe,

Bringe þi fooldis & flockis in oon,
52 And rule hem ríztli wíth oon hirde.

Bring Thy flocks
and folds in one;

¶ Ihesu, for ¹ þi blessidful blood,
Bringe, if þou wolt, þo soulis to blis
For ² whom y haue had ony good,
56 And spare þat þei han do a-mys. AMEN.

[¹ Page 30.]
and bring to bliss
all who have done
me good. Amen.
[² ? for Fro]

["Who-so wilneþ," printed on pp. 11-12 of *The Babees Book*,
&c., follows here, on p. 30 of the MS.]

Do Merci before thi Iugement.

[*Lambeth MS. 583, ab. 1430 A.D., page 54, written
without breaks.*]

Our Creator is
the maker of all,

to whom we
lament

how frail we are,

God, be merciful
before thy
judgment.

Damn not Thine
own work to
please the Devil;

banish us not
from thy sight.

There is no creature¹ but oon,

Maker of euery creature,

God a-loone, & euer more oon,

4 And þre in oon alway to endure.

¶ To þat lord we make oure moone

To whom al coumfort is, & cure,

To pinke how freel we ben echoon.

8 In þis world is hard auenture :

¶ Who-so þerof is moost ensure,

Sunnest schal he be schamed and schent.

Or þou þe world *with* fier pure,

12 Do merci before þi iugement.

Lord, do mercy or þat þou deeme,

Lest þou dampne þat þou hast wrouzt :

What ioie were it a feend to qweme,

16 To ȝeue him þat þou hast dere bouzt.

¶ Out of þi sizt if þou us fleme,

We ben dampned rizt as nouzt ;

þi passioun make us brizt & schene

20 In wil, in worde, in dede & þouzt !

¹ A later hand has written *our* over the *ure* of 'creature,' and dotted the *ure* out.

- ¶ For whi, synne hap us þoruȝ souȝt ;
 þer-fore ameende þou *oure* entent
 To þe doom or we bee brouȝt !
 24 Do mercy bifore þi iugement.

Amend our
 purposes before
 Thy Judgment.

- W**e axe þi mercy, þou heuenli king,
 For þou art lord of ech degre ;
 Of erþe þou madist *oure* bigynnyng,
 28 And aftir *with* spirit enspirid us free.
 ¶ Wip trees and gras þou ȝaf us growinge,
 Wip beestis, feelinge lijf haue we,
 And *with* aungils we haue vndirstondinge,
 32 And þerbi we schulden know þee.
 þou baddist þat alle schulde multiplie,
 But we ben fals & necligent :
 For we may not hide us *from* þin iȝe,
 36 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

[Page 55.]
 We ask Thy
 mercy.

Thou madest us
 of earth, and
 breathedst spirit
 in us,

giving us sentient
 life with beasts,
 and knowledge
 with angels.

We are false, but
 cannot hide from
 Thee.
 Have Mercy on
 us !

- Þ**ou baddist us axe merci, & we schulden haue ;
 It doop us counfort on þee to calle,
 þou hast ordeined man to saue,
 40 For þi merci passiþ þi werkis alle.
 ¶ þi herte blood for us þou ȝaue,
 þou madist us free *where* we were þralle :
 Lete neuere þe feend *oure* soulis craue
 44 þat waischen was in þin holi welle !
 ¶ *Oure* fleisch is freel, it makip us falle,
 Wip grace ¹ we risen & schulen repente ;
 And *in* hope of þee we schal :
 48 Haue merci to-fore thi iugement.

Thou baddest us
 ask Mercy.

Thou gavest
 Thine heart's
 blood for us :

[1 Page 56.]
 our flesh is frail :
 give us Grace
 and Hope ; and

have Mercy on
 us.

- W**e axe mercy bi riztwijsnes,
 For þi biheest is al *oure* rizt,
 And of þi greet kindenes
 52 þou hast mercy to us bihiȝt.

We rely on Thy
 promise of

Mercy to us.
 We can do
 nothing

of ourselves.

¶ We ne be but erpe watirlees,
bat to springe vertu haþ no myzt;
þis worldis likerose bittirnes

56 Bireueþ us discrecioun & oure sizt.

The world, the
flesh, and the
devil fight with
us.
Have Mercy
before Thy
Judgment.

¶ þe feend, þe fleisch, þe worlde, wiþ us ay fízt;
þus be we taken in turment;
þerfore, lord, or þi doom be dízt,

60 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

We have corrupt-
ed our nature
with sin;

Wíþ synne we han defoulid oure kinde,
And kinde may we not eschewe;
To wrappe þee, god, we ben vnkinde;

we are untrue.

64 þou kindeli king, we ben vntrewe!

¶ Azens þis can no clerk skile fynde;
Graciose god, upon us rewe;

Remember not
our trespass;
[Page 57.]

Take not oure trespass in to mynde,

68 But in þi doom lete merci sue!

we cannot escape
Thee.

¶ For þou; we wolden from þee remewe,
In ech place þou art present;
Or we were born, lord, þou us knewe;

Have mercy on
us.

72 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

Lord, we commit
our life to Thee;

Lord! oure soule, oure spirit, oure lijf,
Into þin hondis, lord, we bitake;
Out of temptacioun and strijf,

keep us night and
day.
Jesu, drive

76 Lord, kepe us wheþer we slepe or wake.

¶ Ihesu, for þi woundis fyue,
And for þi modir sake,

the devil from us
when we die;
let him not seize
our souls.

þe feend away from us þou dryue

80 Whanne deef with us maistrie schal make,

¶ And suffre him not oure soule away to take
For whiche on roode þou were torent;

Have Mercy
before Thy
Judgment.

Azens þi doom we tremble & quake;

84 Do merci tofore þi iugement!

God, mingle
Mercy with
Justice,

God, þou deeme us riztwijsli,
Medele þou merci with execusioun,

For we han forfeitid wrongfulli ;
 88 Take hede to *oure* contricioun !
 ¶ We ȝeelde us synful & sory
 By 'Knowliche & confessioun ;
 ȝi passioun & ȝi mercy
 92 We take to *oure* entensioun.
 ¶ Bileeue is *oure* saluacioun,
 With keping of ȝi comaundement.
 God, putte ȝin holi passioun
 96 Bitwixe us & ȝi iugement ! Amen.

take heed to our
contrition.

We are sinful and
sorry.

[1 Page 58.]

We plead Thy
sufferings :

put them between
us and Thy
Judgment.

[“ As y gan wandre,” printed below, follows here.]

The Love of Jesus.

(Pages 90-102, written without breaks.)

Love in Christ is
everlasting life;

Loue is lijf pat lastijf ay
 þere it is in crist made fest,
 Whanne wele ne wo it slake may,
 4 as writen han men wisest.

it turns work into
rest.

¶ þe nyzt it turneþ in-to day,
 Traueile it turneþ in to rest :
 If þou wolt do as y þee say,
 8 þou schalt þanne be with þe best.

Love is like a fire;

¶ Loue is a þouzt with gret desijr,
 And also of a fair loouynge ;
 Loue y likne in-to a fier
 12 þat slakeen may for no þing.

it cleanses us of
sin.

¶ Loue clensijþ us of oure synne,
 loue oure blis schal bringe,
 Loue þe kingis herte may wynne,
 16 loue of ioie euere may synge.

The help of Love
reaches to heaven.

þe socour of loue is liftid hie,
 For into heuene it ran ;
 Me þenkiþ in herte þat it is slize,
 20 þat makijþ þe peple boþe pale & wan.

[Page 91.]

¶ þe beed of blis it goiþ ful nyz,—
 I telle þou it as y can,—

It couples God to
man.

þerof us þenkiþ þe wey to drie,
 24 For euere loue coupliþ god to man.

- ¶ Loue is hetter *þan þe cole*
To hem þat of it is fayn & frike,
þe flawme of loue, who myzte it pole,
 28 *If it were euermore lijke :*
 ¶ Loue us helip, & makip in *qwart,*
And liftip us up in-to heuene-riche,
And loue rauischip crist in-to oure herte,
 32 *I woot nowhere no loue it is lijke.*

Love is hotter
than coal;

It cheers us, and
lifts us to heaven.

- ¶ Leerne to loue if þou wolt lyue
Whanne þou schalt hens fare ;
Al þi þougt to him þou zeue
 36 *þat may þee kepe from care ;*
 ¶ Loke þou þin herte fro him not twynne
þouþ þou wandre euery where,
So þou may weelde him with-inne,
 40 *And loue him hertili euermore.*

Learn to Love

God, and put not
thine heart from
Him,

- Ihesu, þat me loue hast lende,*
In-to þi loue þou me bringe,
Take to þee al myn entente
 44 *þat þou be to me myn zerninge,*
 ¶ And þat synne from me awei were went,
And loue come myn owne coueitynge,
þat my soule hadde herd & hent
 48 *þe songe of þi sweete louynge.*

[Page 92.]
Jesu! bring me
to Thy Love

that sin may leave
me,

and my soul may
hear the song of
Thy loving.

- ¶ þi loue is to us euerelestyng
Fro þat tyme þat we may it verrili fele,
þerinne make we euere brennyng,
 52 *þat no þing may it uerrili keele.*
 ¶ Mi þougt, take it into þin hand,
And stable þou it ilke a dele,
þat y be no þing hildande
 56 *To loue uerrili þe worldis wele.*

Thy Love lasts
ever.

Take my desire to
Thee

that I may not
love the world.

If I love any
earthly thing,

¶ If y loue ony erpeli þing
þat paieþ to my wille,
And sette my ioie in foule likinge,
60 Whanne it may come me tyll
I may drede at my departynge
þat it wole be attir & ille,
For alle my welþis ben wepinge
64 whanne peyne my soule wolde spille.

[Page 93.]
at my death it
will be poison

in hell.

Earthly joy,

now fresh and
green, soon fades.

Such is the world;

toil and trouble.

¶ þe ioie þat men heere seen
Is ful likinge vnto þe iʒee ;
þat now is fair, freische, and grene,
68 And anoon aftir is welkid away :
¶ þis is þe world, alle men moun seen,
And wole be vnto domysday,
Ful greet traueile, & myche tene ;
72 To flee þat is ful hard in fay.

If you leave evil,

and give yourself
to Christ,

He will bring you
to bliss.

¶ If þou leue yuel in al þi þouʒt,
And hate þe filthe of synne,
And ʒeue to him þat þee dere bouʒt,
76 þat he weelde þee *with-inne*,
¶ Al þi soule þi lord haþ souʒt,
And þerof he wolde not mynne ;
þus schalt þou to blis be brouʒt,
80 And wonye heuene wiþ-ynne.

[1 Page 94.]
Love is trusty and
true,

never changing.

He who finds it

need not care.

¶ For¹soþe þe kinde of loue is þis,—
þere it is trusty and trewe,—
To stoonde euere in stabilnes,
84 And chaunge neuere for no newe.
¶ þat wiʒt þat þat loue may finde,
Or euere in herte it knewe,
Fro care it turneþ þat kinde :
88 Such a mirþe fyndiþ to fewe.

- ¶ For-þi, loue þou as y þee rede ;
 Crist is trewe loue, as y þe telle ;
 Wiþ aungilis take þou þi stide ;
- 92 þat ioie loke þou not felle.
- ¶ In erþe hate¹ þou no maner qweed,
 But loke þat þi loue may dwelle,
 For loue is more strengre þan deed,
- 96 Loue is more harder þan helle.
- ¶ Loue is list, & a birþun fyne ;
 Loue gladiþ boþe ʒonge and oolde ;
 Loue is wiþout ony pyne,
- 100 As louers han me toolde.
- ¶ Loue is goostli deli²-ciouse as wijn
 þat makip men boþe big & bolde ;
 To þat loue y schal me so faste tyne,
- 104 þat y in herte it euermore holde.
- ¶ Loue is þe swettiste þing
 þat heere in erþe men may han ;
 Loue is goddis owne derlinge ;
- 108 Loue byndip boþe blood & baan.
- ¶ In loue, þerfore, be oure likinge ;
 I knowe no betere won ;
 For me oonli, & my louynge,
- 112 Loue makip boþe but oon.
- ¶ But al fleischli loue schal fare
 As doop þe flouris of may,
 And schal be lastande na mare
- 116 But as it were an *hour* of a day ;
- ¶ And sorewen affir þat ful sare
 Hir lust, her pride, & al her play,
 Whanne þei aren cast in care,
- 120 In-to pyne þat lastip ay.
- Christ is true
 Love.
- [1 ? Love]
 Let thy Love be
 His.
 It is stronger than
 death and hell.
- Love gladdens
 young and old.
- [s Page 95.]
 It is delicious as
 wine.
 Hold fast to it.
- Love is
 God's own
 darling.
- Let our delight be
 in it.
- Fleishly love is
 like May flowers,
 lasting only an
 hour.
- And after comes
 sore sorrow
- in hell.

[Page 96.]
When men rise
again,

¶ Whanne her bodies in þe fen liggen,
þanne schulen her soulis be in drede,
And up aȝen as men schulen risen,

124 And answe're for her mys dede.

If they have sin-
ned here,

¶ If þei be seen þan in synne,
And now heere þer liif þei ledde,
þan schulen þei ligge helle wiþ-inne,

they shall lie in
hell,

128 And derkenes haue to mede.

Riche men shall
rue their sin in
hell.

¶ Riche men her hondis schal wrynge,
And her wickid werkes abie
In flawmes of fier bitterli breñnynge,

132 Wiþ care and sorewe schamefastli.

But Love, and
then you'll sing
to Christ.

¶ If þou wolt loue, þan may þou synge
To þi lord crist in melodie :
þe loue of him ouercomeþ al þing ;

136 In loue lyue we & die.

Jesu, Son of God !

send Love into
my heart !
[1 Page 97.]

Ihesu ! god-is sone þou art,
lord of moost hiȝ magiste,
Sende verrili loue in-to myn herte

140 Oonly ¹ to coueite þee !

Be my Love !

¶ Reue me likinge of þis world,
Mi loue þat þou may be ;
Take myn herte in-to þi ward,

144 And sette þou me in stabilte !

Jesu, maiden's
Son !

Pierce my soul
with thy spear.

¶ Ihesu ! þou, þe maidens sone,
þat with þi blood me bouȝte,
þirle my soule with þi spere anon,
þat myche loue in men hast wrouȝt.

148

¶ Me longiþ þou lede me into þi siȝt,
And fastne þere in þee my þouȝt ;
In þi swetnes make myn herte liȝt,

152 þat al my woo wexe to nouȝt.

Make my heart
light in Thy
sweetness.

<p>¶ Ihesu, my god & my loueli king ! Forsake þou not my desir ; Mi þouȝt make to be meekinge ; 156 I hate boþe pride & ire. ¶ þi wil is al my desiryng ; Of loue kyndeþe þou þe fier, þat y with þi sweete louyng 160 Wip augils take myn hire.</p>	<p>Jesu, my God ! make me meek ; kindle within me the fire of Love !</p>
<p>¶ Wounde þou myn herte wip-inne, And weelde me at þi wille ; Of blis þat neuere schal blynne, 164 þou fastne me þat y not spille. ¶ þat y þi loue may wynne, Of grace my þouȝt þou fille, And make me cleene of synne 168 þat y may come þee tilla.</p>	<p>Wield me at Thy will [Page 96.] that I may win Thy love and come to Thee.</p>
<p>¶ Ihesu ! putte in-to myn herte þe memorie of þi pyne ! In lijknes, and eek in qwarte, 172 þi loue be euere myne ! Mi ioie is al of þee ; My soule, take it as pine ; Mi loue euere wexinge be, 176 So þat y neuere dwynne.</p>	<p>Jesu, remind me of Thy sufferings, give me Thy Love, take my soul as Thine.</p>
<p>¶ My loue is euere in sizinge While y dwelle in þis way ; Mi loue is in þee longyng, 180 þat bindiþ me nigt & day ¶ Tille y come vnto my king, þere y wone with him may, And se his fair schynyng 184 In lijf þat lastiþ ay.</p>	<p>My Love sighs and longs till I come to my King in Life that lasteth aye.</p>

- ¶ Longinge is in me so lent
For loue, þat y ne can lete ;
His loue he haþ me now sent
188 þat euery bale may bete ;
¶ Siþen þat myn herte was brent
In cristis loue so sweete,
Al woo fro me awei is went
192 And we neuere aȝen schulen mete.
- Christ has sent
me His Love.
- I sit and sing.
[1 Page 99.]
Jesu, my joy,
196 ¶ I sitte and synge of loue longynge
þat in my ¹ brest is now bred.
Ihesu, my king and my ioiynge !
Whi ne were y to pee led ?
¶ Ful weel y woot in al my ȝernynge,
In al ioie, y schulde be fed.
Ihesu ! me brynge to þi woniynge,
200 For þe blood þat þou hast bleed.
- bring me to Thy
dwelling.
- Jesu was hung
on the Crosse,
scourged,
204 ¶ Demed he was on a crosse to heng,
þe fair aungelis foode ;
Wiþ scourgis þei gan him sore swing
Whanne þat he bounden stooðe ;
¶ His brist was bloo in betyng,
Not spilt was his blood ;
þe þorn crowned þat king
and crowned with
thorns. 208 þat doon was on þe roode.
- White was His
breast,
[See *Political
R. and L. Poems*,
p. 214.]
wan his face,
212 White was his nakid breest,
& reed his bloodi side,
Wan was his face fairest,
Hise woundis depe & wide.
¶ þe iewis wolde not þan reste
To pyne him more in þat tide ;
Al he suffride þat was wisest,
216 His blood to lete doun glide.
- down his blood
did glide,

- ¶ Blyndid were hise faire y3en,
 And al his fleisch bloodi for-bete ;
 Hise ¹louesum lijf þat alle men size[n],
 220 Ful myldeli he out gan lete.
- ¶ Deed & lijf bigunne to striuen
 Wheþer myzt be maister þere ;
 Liif was slayn, & roos a-3en ;
 224 In-to blis ful fair may we fare.
- ¶ He þat þee bouzt haue al þi þouzt,
 And lede he it in to his loore ;
 3eue al þin herte to crist in qwarte,
 228 And so to loue him euermore.
- ¶ I size, y sobbe, boþe day & nyzt,
 For oon þat is so fair of hue ;
 þere is no þing myn herte may lizt
 232 But his loue þat is so true.
- ¶ Who so hadde him in his sizte,
 Or in his herte him knewe,
 His moornynge schulde turne into ioie brizt,
 236 His longynge into glewe.
- ¶ In mirþe lyueþ he nyzt & day
 þat loueþ þat sweete childe ;
 Wraþþe wolde from him away,
 240 Were he neuere so wielde.
- ¶ It is ihesu, forsoþe to say,
 Of alle meekist & myelde ;
 He þat in herte him loueþ þat day,
 244 From yuel he wole him schielde.
- ¶ Of ihesu þanne moost list me speke,
 þat may of al my bale be bote ;
 Me pinkeþ myn herte wole al to-breke
 248 Whanne y pinke on þat soote.
- out he let his
 [1 Page 100.]
 lovesome life.
- Life was slain,
 but rose again to
 give us bliss.
- Give thy heart to
 Christ!
- I sigh and sob for
 Him ;
 nothing but He
 can comfort me.
- He alone can
 turn mourning
 into joy.
- He who loves
 Jesus,
- [Page 101.]
 meekest and
 mildest of all,
 will be shielded
 from evil.
- Of Jesus I must
 speak,

for He has caught
my heart in Love.

¶ In loue lauzt he hap my pouzt,
pat y schal neuere for-lete ;
Ful dere me pinkep he hap me bouzt,
252 Wip bloodi heed, hondis, & feete.

For Love my
heart will burst
when I see Christ.

¶ For loue myn herte wole to-berste
Whanne y pat fair loue biholde ;
Loue is ful fair þere it is fest,
256 pat neuere wole be coolde.

¶ Loue us reueþ þe nyztis rest ;
In grace it makip us boolde ;
Of alle werkis loue is þe beeste,
260 As holi men me hap tolde.

Love is the best
of all works.

I sigh when I
think on Jesus
nailed on the
Crosse,

¶ No wondir if y sizhande be,
And sipen in woo al bi-sett ;
Ihesu was nailid upon þe tree ;
264 þhe, al bloody for-beet.

¶ To pinke on him is greet pitee,
To se how tenderli he gret ;
þis hap he suffride, man, for þee,
[Page 102.]
suffering for man. 268 If þat þou wolt þi synnes leet.

The sweetness of
Christ's Love
none can tell.

¶ þere is no lijf in erþe may telle
Of þis loue þe swetnes :
pat stidefastli in loue can dwelle,
272 His ioie is euere eendelee.

God keep him
who Loves, from
hell.

¶ God schielde þat he schulde to helle,
pat of loue longinge kan not ceesse,
Or euere hise enemyes schulde him qwelle,
276 Or þat he so his loue schulde lese.

Jesus is the Love
that lasteth aye.

¶ Ihesu is þe loue pat lastip ay ,
To him is oure longinge.
Ihesu þe nyzt turnep to day,
280 And derknes in-to day spryng.

<p>¶ Ihesu ! pinke on us now and ay, For þee we holde oure kyng ! Ihesu, geue us grace þat weel may, 284 To loue þe <i>with</i> oute eendynge!—A-M-E-N.</p>	<p>Jesu, think on us, and give us Grace to love thee ever. Amen.</p>
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[“The good wijf,” printed in *The Babees Boks*, &c., follows.]

Se what oure Lord Suffride for oure Sake.

[Pages 117—120, written without breaks.]

Make good cheer
in Christ's name.

See what he
suffered for our
sake.

Like Him let us
suffer too.

If friends forsake
us, let us think

on Jesus,

how all his
disciples fled but
Mary and John.

If wrong be
wrought us,

God may help at
need; think how
[Page 118.]
Christ has bought
us with His
blood.

BOthe 3onge & oolde, whepir 3e be,
in cristis name good cheer 3e make,
and liftip up 3oure hertis, & se
4 What oure lord suffride for oure sake.
as meeke as ony lombe was he,
ensaumple of him weel mowe we take,
& to suffre also in oure degre,
8 & in his seruice euere to wake.

And if oure freendis forsake us heere
so pat we be left al aloone,
pinke on *ihesus* pat bouzt us dere,
12 & to him make we al cure moone;
¶ For of pat lord weel may we leere
What wrong he suffride among hise foon;
Whanne hise disciplis fledden for feer,
16 per bood no mo but marie & iohne.

If ony wrong to us be wrouzt,
Be it in word eiper in dede,
Be of good hope zit in pi pouzt
20 How god may us helpe alle at neede,
And pinke we how *ihesus crist* us bouzt,
& for oure synnis hise blood wolde blede;
for his owne gilt was it nouzt,
24 for he dide neuere synful dede.

<p>¶ If wickid men do us defame, pinke how crist was bouzt & solde ; to suffre for him is no schame, 28 but him to serue loke we be boold. And if men hurte us in oure name, We must forzeue, boþe zonge & olde, For þouȝ we suffre myche blame, 32 crist suffride moore a þousand foold.</p>	<p>If men defame us, let us suffer for Christ, and forgive. He suffered 1000 fold more.</p>
<p>And of pouert þouȝ we wolde playne, for þat we wanten worldli good, pinke we on ihesu, þat lord souereyn, 36 how pore he heng upon þe roode, ¶ And how he stryued not ageyn, but euere was meeke & mylde of mood. to folewe þat lord we schulden be fayn, 40 in what degre þat euere we stood.</p>	<p>If poverty pinch us, think how Jesus hung, poor, on the Cross, meek and mild. Follow Him.</p>
<p>& þouȝ we haue sorowe on ech side, & al aboute wrong & woo, ȝit suffre meekeli, & a-bide, 44 And pinke on ihesu þat suffride also, and how he was in ful greet drede, Vnto hise peynis whanne he schulde go ; he suffride moore in hise manhede 48 þan euere dide man, or euere schal do.</p>	<p>If sorrow come, and wrong, still suffer meekly and think on Jesus [Page 119.] who suffered more than any man.</p>
<p>¶ þouȝ we with wrong to deep be brouzt, ȝit suffraunce is a sikir way For þe loue of ihesu þat us dere bouzt 52 & deide for us on good friday ; Wherefore us þinkip in oure þouȝt þat we oure lord schulde please & pay, And we to sette þis world at nouȝt, 56 And suffre we wickid men to say.</p>	<p>If we be wrongly brought to death, yet suffer still and please our Lord.</p>
<p>In ihesu crist was meekenes moost, And þerfore he þe maistrie hadde, VOL. II. 3</p>	<p>Christ, through meekness, overcame</p>

and bound the
Devil,

And boond þe feend for al his boost
60 *þat he was neuere so sore adradde.*

and brought
Adam, Eve, and
others, from hell.

¶ *Al azens his wil & al his oost*
Adam & eue with him he ladde,
And many moo out of þat coost
64 *þat weren in prisoun ful hard bistadde.*

If you follow
Jesus,

[¹ Page 120.]
you shall find that
Meekness will
prevail,

And if þou in ihesu haue delite,
þou; al þe world do þee assaile,
Do aftir þis, & þou schalt wite
68 *þat meekenes ¹ Wole þee moost availe ;*
For who þat suffriþ heere dispite,
And meekeli a-bidiþ in þat bataile,
it wole turne hem to greet profite
72 *& eendlees ioie for her trauaile.*

bringing you to
endless joy.

If any man do
you wrong,

for Jesus' love

suffer it ; you
shall dwell with
Him in bliss.

¶ *If ony man do to us a mys,*
Or wole in ony wise to us offende,
for þe loue of ihesu haue mynde on þis,
76 *& lete meekenes þi mood ameende*
wip ihesu crist, as oon of his,
And suffre meekeli what god wole sende,
þanne schal we be with him in blis
80 *þat euere schal laste wipouten eende. A-M-E-N.*

[“How mankinde dooþ bigynne,” pp. 68-78 of this Text,
follows here.]

I wyte my silf myn owne Woo.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 226-33.*]

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>IN my 3onge age ful wielde y was,
 Mi silf þat tyme cowde y not knowe,
 Y wolde haue my wil in euery place,
 4 And þat hap now brouȝt me ful lowe.
 þinke, ihesu, how y am þin owe !
 For me weere þi sidis bope pale & bloo !
 To chastise me þou doist it, y trowe ;
 8 Y wiȝte my silf myne owne woo !</p> <p>¶ I made couenaunt, true to be,
 Firste whanne y baptisid was ;
 Y took to þe world, & wente from þee,
 12 Y folewide þe feend al in his traas ;
 From wrappe and enuye wolde y not pas ;
 Coueitise and auarise y usid also,
 Mi fleische hadde his wille, alas !
 16 Y wiȝte my silf myn owne woo !</p> <p>¶ Now y woot y was ful wielde,
 In þat my wil passid my witt ;
 Y was ful sturdy, & þou ful myelde ;
 20 Ihesu, lord, y knowe weel it.
 Of þi blis y were ful qwytt
 If y hadde aftir þat y haue do ;
 But to þi merci y truste ȝitt,
 24 Y wiȝte my silf myn owne woo !</p> | <p>In my youth I
 was very wild,</p> <p>and that has
 brought me low,
 But, Jesu, think
 how I am thine.</p> <p>I blame myself
 for my woo.</p> <p>I kept not my
 baptismal
 covenant,</p> <p>but followed the
 devil,</p> <p>let my flesh
 have its will,</p> <p>and was
 rebellious.</p> <p>But, Jesu,
 [Page 227.]</p> <p>I trust to Thy
 mercy.</p> |
|--|---|

I was proud and
extravagant,

- ¶ I was hiȝ of herte and stowte,
And in my cloping wondre gay ;
I lokide men schulde vn-to me lowte
28 Where-so þat y wente bi þe wey.
Faire wommen, and good aray,
Al myn entent y took þer-to ;
Aȝen þi techinge euere y seide nay ;
32 I wite my silf myn owne woo !

I trusted riches,
not God,

- ¶ I trustide more to worldli good
þan to god þat it me sente ;
Weelpe made me hiȝ of mood ;
36 Lust and likyng me ouer wente.
To gete good y wolde not stente,
Y ne rouȝte how y come þer-to ;
To þe poore y neiþer ȝaf ne lente ;
40 Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo !

and stuck at no-
thing to get
money.

[Page 228.]
Lord, I feared
Thee not,
but Thou

suffered'st for me.

Have mercy on
me!

Three evil things
ruin a man.

I. The desire of
poor men to look
like rich ones.

II. The covet-
ousness of rich
men,

- ¶ Lord, y hadde no drede of þee ;
Mi grace wente away þefore ;
But, lord, as þou bouȝtist me,
44 So lete me neuere be for-lore.
For me þou suffredist peines sore ;
þou art my freend, and y þi foo ;
Mercy, lord ! y wole no more ;
48 Y wiyte my silf myn owne wo !
¶ þer ben .iiij. poyntis of myscheef
þat ben confusioun to many a man,
Which þat worchen to her soulis greet greef ;
52 Y schal hem rehersen as y can.
Poore men proud, þat litil han,
þei wolen be a-raied as riche men goo ;
þei hindren hem silf & oþir þan,
56 And mowe wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

¶ A riche man, þeeȝ, is anoþir,
þat of coueitise wole not slake ;

- If he *with* wrong bigile his bropir,
 60 Heuene blis he schal forsake ;
 Bifore god, for peefte it is take,
 Al *pat with* wrong he wynneþ so ;
 But if he here a-meendis make ¹
 64 he schal wiyte *him* silf his owne woo.

cheating others,

[Page 229.]
 which with God
 is theft.

[1 MS. made]

- ¶ An oolde man lechhour, þe pridde it is,
 For his complexioun wexiþ coolde ;
 It bringeþ þe soule to payne from blis,
 68 It stinckeþ on god so manye foolde.
 Theise .iiij. þat y haue of toold
 Ben pleasinge to þe feend oure foo ;
 Hem to use, who is so boold,
 72 May wiyte *him* silf his owne woo.

III. The lechery
of old men.These three please
the Devil.

- ¶ Manye defaultis god may fynde
 In vs *pat* schulde hise seruauantis be ;
 He schew*with* us loue, & we vnkinde,
 76 Certis þe more to blame be wee.
 Summe staren broode & moun not se,
 Synne is þe cause it fariþ soo ;
 Suche dreden not god, y seie to þee,
 80 And may wiyte *hem* silf her owne woo.

God shows us

love, and we looke

away from Him
through sin.We may blame
ourselves for our
own woe.

- ¶ In .iiij. þingis y dare weel sayn
 god schulde be worschipide ouer al þing ;
 do riztwijsnes *with* merci *with* al þi mayn ;
 84 þe pridde is cleennesse in lyuyng :
 To bischopis & curatis *pat* han kepinge,
 it is her charge, & to lordis also.
 and if þei contrarie god-is biddinge,
 88 þei may wiyte *hem* silf her owne woo.

[Page 230.]
 In three things
 we should
 worship God,
 Righteousness,
 Mercy,
 Chastity,
 which bishops,
 curates, and lords
 are bound to keep.

- ¶ wrong is an hiȝ seete þere rizt schulde be,
 merci for mys deede is putt away ;

Wrong is now set
up where Right
should be.

Lechery drives
away Purity.

- lecherie hap made clenness to flee,
92 Loue may not abide nyght ne day.
þus þe feend, y dare weel say,
wole make oure freend oure moost foo :
man, amende þee whilis þou may,
96 Or wiyte þi silf þin owne woo.

I must be trou-
bled while I fol-
low my own will.

- ¶ It is no wondir þouȝ y be woo
myn owne wil while y wole sewe,
& my lordis bidding wole not doo :
100 y am ful fals, but he is trewe,
And ȝit he fyndiþ me with al þing newe,
And y serue þe feend, and go him froo ;
But if y amende, it schal me rewe,
104 And may wiyte my silf myn owne woo.

[Page 231.]

I serve the devil.

Priests, knights,
and labourers
shall all suffer if
they do wrong,

- ¶ In þre degrees þe world kept is,
With preestis, knyȝtis, and laborere,
And which of hem þat doon amys,
108 þei schulen it abie wondir deer.
Bi good ensaumplis þe preestis schuld lere
þe vnlearned how þei schulden doo :
If her word & werk coorde not in fere,
112 þei mowe wite hem silf her owne woo.

and blame them-
selves for their
distress.

Lords should

help the poor,

but instead often
oppress them, and
when in woe will
have to blame
themselves.

- ¶ Knyȝthode also, lordis, ne opir,
Schulden not be of conscience light,
þei schulden helpe her poore suster or broþer,
116 And also strengþe hem in her ryght
þoruȝ pride & coueitise summe leesen her myȝt ;
For lecherie, grace is kept hem froo ;
If þei biholde her owne in-syght,
120 þei mowe wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

[Page 232.]

Labourers should

- ¶ þe laborer schulde truly traueile þan,
And be riȝtful boþe in worde & deede,

- And what-euere werkis þat he can,
 124 And resonabli to take his meede.
 Wrongfulli summe her lijf heere lede,
 Among leerned & lewde it is founde so,
 And in her laste eende it is to drede
 128 þei mowe wiyte hem silf her owne wo.
- ¶ Man, take hede what þou art :
 But wormes meete ! þou woost weel þis ;
 Whanne þat þe erþe haþ take his part,
 132 Heuene and helle schal haue his.
 If þou doist weel, þou goist to blis ;
 If þou do yuel, þou goost to þi foo ;
 Loue þi lord god, & pinke on þis,
 136 Or þou wite þi silf þin owne woo.
- ¶ Now ihesu crist, oure sauour :
 From oure foos þou vs defende ;
 In al oure nede be oure socour,
 140 Heere & whanne we hens wende,
 And sende us grace so to amende,
 His blisse þat we may come vnto,
 Heere to make so good an eende
 144 þat wee not cause oure owne woo.
 Deo gracias.

work well, and
 take reasonable
 wages.
 But some do
 wrong,

and will have to
 blame themselves.

Man, worms'
 food, thou must
 go

to bliss or hell.

Do not have to
 blame thyself for
 thy woe.

Christ, defend us,

here and
 hereafter.

[Page 233.]

Bring us to Thy
 bliss that we may
 not cause our own
 woe.

[End of the MS. In a later hand is "This is *sir* Hary myndes booke, Record of John Dauis, & of *sir* John George & of *Sir* Robert george fines (?)]

The Virtues of the Name Jesus.

[Page 88.]

This name, Jesus,

when thou
speakest it, it
shall be honey in
thy mouth and
melody in thine
heart.

[Page 89.]

Think on Jesus;

it drives out the
devil, and opens
heaven.

Also hail Mary
often.

Keep Love in
thine heart, for
Love is the ful-
filling of the Law.

IF pou wole be weel with god, *And* haue grace
to reule þi lijf, *And* come to þe ioie of loue, þis name
ihesu, fastne it so fast in þin herte þat it come neuere
4 out of þi pouȝt. And whanne pou spekist to him,
& seist ihesu þoruȝ custum, It schal be in þin eere
ioie, *And* in þi mouȝ hony, *And* in þin herte melo-
die, For þou schalt þinke ioie to heere þe name of
8 ihesu be nempned *,² swetnes to speke it, Myrre &
song to þinke on it. If þou þinke on ihesu con-
tynueli, *And* holde it stabli, It purgip þi synne, it
kyndelip þin herte, It clarifip þi soule, It remeueþ
12 anger, it doip a-way slownes, It wyndip in loue
fulfillid of charite, It chasip þe deuil, it puttip
out drede, It openep heuene, it makip contemplatijf
men haue in mynde ofte ihesu, For alle vicis &
16 fantums it puttip fro þe loue. Also þerto heile ofte
marie boþe day & nyȝt, *And* þanne myche ioie &
loue schalt þou fele. *And* þou do aftir þis lore, þe
needip not greetli coueite many bookis. Holde loue
20 in herte & in werk, *And* þou hast al þat we may
seie or write, For fulnes of lawe is charite: In þat
hongiþ al.

* There is a curl of contraction as for *er* over the second *e*.

A Song Called
Þe Deuelis Parliament,
 or
Parlamentum of Feendis.

(*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., Pages 157—182.*)

Whanne marye was greet with gabriel,
 And had conceyued & boren a childe,
 Alle þe deuelis of þe eir, of erþe, & of helle,
 4 helden þer paralamēt of þat maide mylde,
 ¶ What man had made her wombe to swelle.
 “To tempten hir ȝe tenden to seelde;
 her childis fadir who can telle,
 8 Who dide with hir þo werkis wielde?”

When Mary had
 given birth to
 Jesus, all the
 Devils held a
 consultation as to
 who had begotten
 Him.

¶ In helle þe feendis þoo answeride,
 “We knew neuere fadir þat he hadde,
 But amongis prophetis we haue leered
 12 þat god with man hap couenaunt maade:
 ¶ A serpent in deseert was rerid,
 So schal god-is sone in man be had,
 þe soule of him schal be vnspērid,
 16 his herte to-cloue, and he for-bleed.

The Hell-Devils
 did not know, but
 had learnt from
 Prophets

that God's Son
 was to be raised
 in man, and to
 suffer death;

¶ Þese prophetis spoken so in myst,
 What þei mente we neuere knewe;
 þei spoken of oon schulde hote crist,
 20 But maries sone hiȝte ihesu;

[Page 158.]
 and that one,
 Christ, should
 come; but Mary's
 Son was Jesus.

Also that Christ
should be one
with God; but
Jesus was not. So
the Devils were
puzzled.

¶ And þei seiden þat crist with god schulde be
a-twist,

But þis ihesu neuere in þe godhede grew ;
We ben bigilid alle wijþ oure lyst.

24 þe cloop is al of anoþir hew ;

But they agreed
that if God sent
His Son into
man's body,

¶ And þouȝ god make hise perlament
Of pees, mercy, trouthe, & resoun,
And from heuen til erþe his sone be sent

28 In mankinde to take a cesoun,

¶ We schulen ordeyne bi oon assent
A priuey councell al of tresoun,
And clayme ihesu for oure rent :

32 For þat he is kinde of man, it is good chesoun.

and though of
alien begetting,
yet sown in
Adam's ground,
[Page 159.]
and to be reaped
by them,
God notwithstanding.

¶ Write we his name, wheþer we spede,
Sipen to us he is vnknewen,
For þouȝ he be come of straunge seed,

36 ȝit in adams grounde was he sownen.

¶ Whanne he is ripe, do we oure dede ;
Loke we þat we him boþe repe & mowen,
For þouȝ god him silf oure rollis rede,

40 Bi riȝt we chalenge ihesu for oure owne."

The Master Devil
undertook to
tackle Jesus,

"**T**o me, maistir deuel, it liȝs ;

To ihesu wole y take hede,
To norische him in manye delijs,

44 His freel fleische boþe to cloþe & fede ;

¶ And þouȝ þat he be neuere so wiȝs,
ȝit out of þe wey y wole him lede,
And make of him boþe fool and nyce,

48 And in helle his soule brede."

make a fool of
him, and bring
His soul to hell.

¶ þus deuelis þer wilis caste
Wijþ þer argumentis greete,
& þritti ȝeer þei foondid faste

For 30 years they
tried

52 To tempte ihesu in manye an hete.

¶ "In to a wildirnes with ihesus y paste,
Of him knowliche for to gete,
And fourty daies þere he faste

to tempt Jesus,
and went to a
wilderness where

56 Wiþoute sleep, drinke, or meete."

he fasted 40 days.

¶ þe maistir deucl wondre þouzte
Of ihesus stalworþe complexioun ;
Bi mannys fode lyuede he nouzte,

[Page 160.]
The Master Devil
wondered at
Jesus' constitu-
tion, living only
on prayers ; but
at last tempted
Him, 'Here are
stones, make
them bread.'

60 But bi praiers and deuocioun.

¶ "But whanne he bigan to hunger, as me þouzt,
To tempte him þanne y made me boun :
'Lo, heere be stoonys hard y-wrouzte,

64 Make herof breed, y seide, to mannys foisoun.'

¶ 'Forsope,' ihesu seide, 'not oonli in breed
is verrili mannys propir lyuyng,
But in euery worde of þe godhede

Jesus said, 'Man's
food is not bread
alone, but every
word of God.'
The devil took
Him to a pinna-
cle, leapt down,
and asked Him to
follow,

68 To body and soule is coumfortyng.'

¶ Vpon an hiz pinnacle þanne y him brouzte,
And left him þere, and leep a-downe,
And seide, 'saue þee harmeles, lyme & heed,

72 And kiþe now maistries while þou art zonge.

¶ If þou be god-is sone, lete se ;
Of þee is writen longe a-goon,
'Aungils in hondis schullen beere þee

'Angels shall
bear Thee in their
hands lest Thou
strike Thy foot
against a stone.'

76 Lest þou spurne þi foot at a stoon.'

¶ Quod ihesu, 'in holi writt þou maist se,
Tempte not þi lord god lyuyng aloone ;
Wiþ al þi myght and þi pooste

[Page 161.]
Jesus said,
'Tempt not thy
God, but serve
Him with all thy
might.'

80 þou schalt him serue, and opir noone.'

¶ þe deucl siȝ it myght not geyn ;
Of ihesu his purpos he gan mys ;
He brouzte him til an hiz mounteyn,

Then the Devil
brought Him to
a mountain,

showed Him all
the world's riches,
and said,

'Worship me, and
all this is Thine.'

'Begone, Satan,
from heaven !

Thy Lord God
only shalt thou
honour.'
Alas, said the
Devil,

I am sore hit, I
never stood such
an attack.

[Page 162.]
Again the Devils
held their Parlia-
ment in the mist.
'Some one is
coming to rife
our home. Once
his name was
John the Baptist,
then Jesus, then
Christ.

He has never
sinned in lust,

but has resisted
temptation.

He said he would
throw down the
Temple, and raise
it on the third
day.

At His birth

84 And bad him do as he wolde wys.

¶ And þere he schewide him upon þat pleyn,
Iewels, ritchesse, and worldli blisse ;

"Worschipe me here, & bicomc my swayn,

88 And y schal 3eue þee al this."

¶ "Go, sathanas ! from blis þou flit,
From heuene riche, þat rial tour !
It is writen oonli in holi writt

92 'þi lord god þou schalt honour.'"

¶ "Alas," quod þe deuel, "where hast þou þat
witt ?

þi wordis are bittir, þi werkis aren sour,
þi conclusioun so soore me knyht,

96 I abood neuere so scharp a schour."

¶ þe deuelis gadriden þer greet frame,
And heelden þer perlament in þe myst.
"Oon wolde riflee us at hame,

100 And gadere þe flour out of oure gryst ;

¶ Neewe gilours wolde waite us schame,
Oon[ys] men clepid him iohne þe baptist,
But now he haþ turned, ihesus is his name :

104 þat first hiȝte ihesu, now is clepid cryst,

¶ I siȝ him neuere rage ne plawe,
But euere in stabilnes he is ay,
And streitely kepiȝ god-is lawe,

108 And stijfly wiȝ-stoondip myn assay ;

¶ To werkis of vice wole he not drawe ;
A wondir worde y herde him say,
þe greet temple he wolde doun þrawe,

112 And reise it aȝen on þe þridde day.

¶ Whazne he was born, wondris bifel :
Ouer al was pees, boȝe eest and west,

- In rome of oile þere sprong a welle,
 116 From tristiuere to tybre it ran prest.
 ¶ In rome þer templis doun felle,
 þer mawmetis diden al to-brest,
 Aungils to scheperdis glorie gan telle—
 120 ‘ In erþe, to al mankinde, boþe pees & rest.’
- ¶ þe emperour in rome stood hiþe,
 þre sunnis in oon he siþ schyninge clere,
 In þe myddis of hem a maiden he siþe
 124 A man childe in her armes beere.
 ¶ þe emperour & eek sibile spoken prophesie,
 And þei acordiden boþe in feere,
 And seiden ‘ god-is sone mankinde schulde bie ;
 128 It is þe tokene, þe tyme neiþer neere.’
- ¶ Also þre kingis come fro fer,
 To worschipe ihesu al þei souþte ;
 þat reisid eroudis herte þere
 132 þem to slee, for þei so wrouþte.
 ¶ Bi þe liþtynge of a sterre,
 To ihesu alle þre presentis þei brouþte ;
 Homeward an aungil tauþte hem nerre
 136 A-noþer wey þan þei had þouþte.
- ¶ þanne y counsellid eroud with-inne a while
 To distroie þe former prophesie,
 þat alle men children in towne & pile
 140 to slee þem, þat ihesus myght with hem die.
 ¶ He ascapide in to egipt ; in þat while
 þer mawmetis fil doun from an hiþe ;
 he knew my þouþte, & siþ my gilee,
 144 y myghte not hide me from his yþe.
- ¶ To tempte ihesu it wole not auaile ;
 Of þe worldis good haþ he no neede ;

a well of oil
 sprang up in
 Rome ; temples
 fell ; idols broke.
 [Page 163.]

Angels announced
 Peace on earth
 to all mankind.

The Emperor saw
 three Suns in
 one ; in their
 midst a Maid with
 a child.

He and the Sibyl
 prophesied, ‘God’s
 Son shall redeem
 mankind ; the
 time draws nigh.’

Three Kings came
 from far to
 worship Jesus,

led by the light of
 a Star, bringing
 presents

[Page 164.]
 The Devil advised
 Herod

to slay all the
 male children,

but Jesus escaped
 into Egypt,

detecting the
 Devil’s guile.

‘ It is no good to
 tempt Him ;

the more I work
the worse I speed

I leese on him so myche trauaile,
148 þe more y so worche, þe worse y spede ;

and the less He
heeds me.

¶ With þe scharper a-sautis y him assaile,
þe lasse of me he stoondip in drede,
þe bolder in bikir y bidde him bataile,
152 þe lasse of me he takip hede.

If I tempt Him

to lechery, He
escapes by
chastity.

[Page 165.]
He abides in
charity, and will

not be covetous.

¶ For if y tempte him in wrappe or pride,
Wip pacience and mekenes he sconfitip me ;
If y tempte him to letcherie, y muste me hide,
156 He voidip me of wip chastitee.
¶ In glotenie & enuye wole he not abide,
But is euere in mesure and in charitee ;
In coueitise & auarise wole he not ride,
160 but is euere in largenes and in pouerte."

I can't make him
stumble. He

never went to
school, and yet
I saw Him argu-
ing against all
the Doctors.

He calls Himself
God's Son.

¶ þe deuel seide, "neiþer in hoot ne coolde
I may not make him stumble ne falle ;
I nyste him neuere goo to scoole,
164 And 3it oonis y siz him spute in þe scoole halle :
¶ He satte him silf on þe hizest stoole,
And argued azens þe maistris alle ;
Summe callid him wijs, summe callid him foole,
168 But 'goddis sone' he him silf doop calle.

He makes the
crooked straight,

gives sight to the
blind, sense to
madmen,

and drives out
devils.

¶ Hise werkis passen mannis kinde,
For crokid & creplis he makip ri3t ;
For deaf, & dombe, & boren blynde,
172 he 3eueþ hem speche, heeryng, & sight.
¶ Woode men, he 3eueþ hem þer mynde,
And makip mesels hool and li3t ;
A legioun of feendis in a man he dide finde,
176 Alle he drofe out þoru3 his myght.

[Page 166.]
He turne water
into wine ;

¶ Wiyn of watir he makip blyue,
And doop manye a wondir dede,

- Wip two fyschis, and loues fyue,
 180 fyue þousand men y saw; him fede.
 ¶ Twelue leepis of releef þerof dide þriue
 To men, women, & children, þat hadden nede;
 Deed men he reisid from deep to lyue,
 184 And ȝit weriþ he neuere but oo wede.
- ¶ He handliþ neiþer money ne knyf,
 Neiþer in synne desiriþ he ony woman to kis;
 But oonis he saued a weddid wijf,
 188 In spousebriche þat hadde doon mys.
 ¶ He is so wondirful in lijf,
 I can not knowe weel what he is;
 I wolde we hadde eendid oure striif;
 192 He is oute of oure bookis, & we out of his.
- A fitte. **S**ipen y him first tempte bigan,
 I siȝ him neuere chaunge hewe;
 Oonys he bad me "go, foule sathan!"
 196 Euere-more þat repreef y rew.
- ¶ In werkis he is good, in persooone a man;
 Lijk to him y neuere noon knewe.
 Where lerned he al þe witt þat he can?
 200 For euery day he dooþ wondris neewe.
- ¶ I folewide him oonys to a place,
 To a mounteyne upon an hizte;
 Petir, iames, & iohā, þere was,
 204 Ely & moyses stood þerē up riȝt.
- ¶ I wolde haue seen ihesu-is face,
 But y myȝt not, it schoon so briȝt;
 In þe soopfast sunne closid it was,
 208 þe briȝt beemys blent my siȝt.
- ¶ To lette þe prophesie soone y went,
 þe iewis to slee ihesu y ȝaf hem chois;
- feeds 5000 men
 with two fishes
 and five loaves,
 leaving 12 baskets
 of fragments,
 and raises the
 dead to life.
- He desires no sin
 with woman,
 and yet once
 saved an
 adulteress.
 He is such a
 wonder I cannot
 make out what
 He is. He is out
 of my books.
- I have never seen
 him change
 colour, though
 once He reproved
 me.
- [Page 167.]
 In person He is a
 man; but where
 does His know-
 ledge come from?
- Once I saw Him
 with Peter,
 James, John,
 Elias, and Moes.
 His face shone so
 bright
 that it blinded
 me.
- I gave the Jews
 the choice of
 killing Jesus.

If he dies on the
cross we are
ruined; so I was
sorry to hear
their 'Crucify
Him,' and set
Pilate's wife to
stop it.

If he die on þe roode, we schul be schent :

212 I wolde not þat þei hadde zeue þat vois.

¶ Me was woo for þat iugement,
Of "crucifuge" to heere þe noise ;
Pilatis wijf y bad bisily zeue tent

216 þat ihesu were not doon on þe crois.

[Page 168.]
But the Jews bore
false witness,
and nailed Him on
the Cross till He
died.

¶ 3it þe iewis, for hise dedis goode,
Fals witnes vpon him þei berid,
And nailed him upon þe roode,

220 And peyned him þere til þat he deied.

¶ Vndir his lift side y my silf stood,
And aftir his soule ful naruz a-spied ;
I wist neuere whidir it 3ode ;

224 Whanne he it up 3af, so manly he cried ;

I looked sharp
after His soul,
but couldn't see
where it went.

The sun and moon
lost their light,
the earth
trembled,

¶ þe sunne & moone losten þer light,
þe elementis fouzten as leit of þundir,
þe erþe qwoke, and mounteynes an hight,

228 Valeis, & stoonys, bursten a-sundir ;

dead men arose.

¶ Dede men risen þoru3 his my3t
To bere witnes of þat wondir ;
My mynde failid, y loste my si3te,

I lost my senses,

232 I nyste how soone y came þer vndir.

and don't know
where His soul is
gone to.

¶ Ihesu is soule is wente, y woot not where,
So priuely it dide from me passe ;
Whanne his herte was þirllid with a spere,

236 þanne wyste y weel who he was.

[Page 169.]
But we must get
ready all our
tackle, for He'll
attack us.
Prepare for
defence.

¶ Ordeyne we us wiþ al oure gere,
For hidir he pinkip to make a race ;
Arise we alle þat ben bounden heere,

240 And foond we to defende oure place,

If He comes we
must all try

¶ For if þat he wole hidir come,
We schulen foonde euery-choon,

Alle to-gidere, þoþe hool & some,
244 To teer him from þe top to þe toon."

¶ þanne seide lucifer anoone,
"It is but waast to speken so ;
þe spirit of him is now hidir come

248 For to worchen us alle woo."

to tear Him from
top to toe.
Lucifer said,
'That's no good ;
His spirit is now
here to work our
woe.

¶ þere as þe goode soulis didnen in dwelle,
þei cheyned þe ȝatis, and barred hem faste ;
"A ! now," ihesu seide, "ȝe princis felle,

252 Openen þe ȝatis þat euere schal laste,

¶ And letiþ in ȝoure king of blis to helle."
þe deuelis axid him þanne in haste,
"Who is þe king of blis þou doost of telle ?

256 Wenest þou to make us alle a-gaste ?"

The Devils
chained up and
barred the gates
where the good
souls were.
Jesus said,
'Princes fell, open
the gates, and let
the King of Bliss
into Hell.'
The Devils asked,
'Who is the King
of Bliss ?'

¶ "Strong god and king of myght,
I am lord and king of blis,
Ouer-comer of deef, myghti in fight !

260 Euerlastynge ȝatis, openen wight !

¶ Boþe pees, mercy, troupe, & right,
I brouȝt them at oon, & made þem to kis ;
Euerlastynge ȝatis, openen on hight,

264 And lete in ȝoure king to take out his !

[Page 170.]
'I am,' said
Christ, 'and over-
comer of death.

Euerlasting
gates ! open
quickly.

Let in your King
to take out His
own.

¶ For y, þe soule of ihesu crist, am come hider,
Witnes þerof, my body in erþe lieþ deed,
And þe holi goost with þe soule togider

268 þat neuere schal parte from þe godhede.

¶ In heuen blis ȝe stooden full slidir ;
þoruȝ pride ȝe offendid my fadris bede ;
Mannis soule for meeknes schal come pider,

272 þere as ȝe feendis forfetid þat stide."

I, Christ's soul,
am here, though
my body lies
dead.

Ye lost Heaven
from Pride.
Man through
Meekness shall
possess your
seats.'

¶ þanne seide lucifer, "god dide forbede
To adam in paradiis but oon tree,

Lucifer said, 'God
condemned

Adam to Hell for
ever.

[Page 171.]
Thou art of
Adam's seed, and
we claim Thee.
There is no return
from Hell.'

And peyne of deep to haue for þat dede,
276 And aftir in helle euere for to be :

¶ And þou art come of adam seed,
þerfore bi right we chalenge þee,
For in holi writt þou made rede,

280 'In helle is no remedie.'

'True,' said
Christ; 'but the
closed Hell is for
you; this Hell is
free.

¶ Ihesu seide, "lucifer, soop þou tellist me ;
But þou woost not þi silf how
þere is a boonde helle, but þis is free.

284 þe boond helle was ordeyned for þou ;

Man is redeemed.

¶ For þat þat man forfetid þoru; a tree,
þoru; a tree aȝen bouȝt is he now.

Thou art
condemned.

þou madist him synne, þe peyne longiþ to þee,
288 For þou waitist neuere good to mannys prowȝ.

I sprang not from
sinful seed, but

¶ Lucifer, þou me vndir-nome,
And seidist y was of þe seed of adams kyn ;
forsoþe y out of þe godhede come,

took flesh in a
maiden sinlesely.

292 And took fleisch & blood a maiden *with-inne*.

¶ for as of þe seed of erþe þer springiþ blome,
So mette we, & partid wiþoute synne :
þin argument is fals, so is þi doome ;

296 Bi what right woldist þou me wyne ?

[Page 172.]

When thou
temptedst Adam,

¶ Who was cheef of þi counzell
In heuen whanne þou forfetidist þe blis ?
In paradiis adam þou dedist assaile,

300 And temptidist him to forfete his ;

I fought for him,

¶ And y in his quarel took bataile
Aȝen my fadir to amende his mys,

and now wilt
defeat thee.'

Wherfor of þi purpos þou schalt faile,
304 forþi þi quarel nouȝt it is."

Lucifer said,

¶ þanne lucifer answeride ageyn,
"Whi spekist þou so to me heere ?

- It is but wantowne wordis in veyn ;
- 308 I trowe þou comest hidir us to fere.
- ¶ Sumtyme whanne y was in heuen an hiȝ,
þat þat y þere loste for my pride, certeyn,
Heere-aftir y hope ful sikirly
- 312 For to come to þat blis ageyn."
- ¶ Crist ihesu spak to sathan tho,
And seide to him in þis manere,
"It is but waast to speken so,
- 316 Or ony suche wordis to seie now here.
- ¶ þat tyme while þou in heuen were,
Ful myche ioie haddist þou tho ;
For alle þi felawis, glad were þei þere,
- 320 But riȝt soone it was ouer-goo."
- ¶ Lucifer spak to him ageyn,
And seide to him with wordis sere,
"In þis place y haue dwellid in woo & peine
- 324 Moore þan þis .iiij. þousand ȝeere :
- ¶ Helpe me to þat blis ageyn
þe which y loste for my pride þere,
for þere it is myrie in certeyn
- 328 To wonye wiþ rial aungils clere."
- ¶ "I seie þee, lucifer, y schal þee telle,
Or euere ony þing was wrought—
Heuene or erþe, eir or helle,—
- 332 Forsoþe þoo y made þee of nought.
- ¶ In heuen whanne þou stoodist in wele,
I made þee aboue aungils alle,
But þerof ranȝt þou neuere a deel,
- 336 Suche pride in þin herte gan falle.
- ¶ In heuen whanne þou were at þi wille,
þou myȝtist haue be in pees & reste ;
- 'Thou comest here to frighten us.
- I hope to get to heaven again.'
- Christ answered,
- 'That is idle talk.
- [Page 173.]
While you were in heaven you had much joy, but it soon ceased.'
- Lucifer said, 'I have dwelt here in torment above 4000 years; help
- me to bliss again,
- to merry time with angels.'
- Christ answered,
- 'Before the heavens were I made thee of nothing,
- and set thee above the angels.
- [Page 174.]
In heaven

I gave thee my
seat when I went
away, and when
I came back thou

said'st thou wast
the worthier,

and thou never
repentedst.

Adam did; he

asked mercy. God
sent me here for
that, and let me
die.

In His name, open
your gates.

Like lightning
the gates burst.

Christ took
out Adam and all
His chosen ones;
and all sang
thanks, namely,

Adam,

Noah,

Abraham,

Moses,

David,

I took þee my seete ful stille,

340 It to ȝeme þou were ful prest;

¶ And while y wente where me list,
And come aȝen a-noon in hiȝe,
þou seidist þat þou were worþiest,

344 And to sitte þere as weel as y;

¶ And þou repentidist þee neuermore,
But euere aggregidist þi trespass.

Adam wepte & sizede soore,

348 And askid mercy & oile of grace;

¶ My fadir sende me hidir þefore,
Vpon a tree leete deef me chase,
A spere þoruȝ myn herte gan boore,

352 & leete out þe derworpiest oile þat euere was.

¶ In my fadris name of heuene
Opene þe ȝatis aȝens me!"

As liȝt of leite, and þundir leeme,

356 þe ȝatis to-burste, and gan to flee;

¶ God took out adam and eue ful euene,
And alle hise chosen companye.

þe prophetis seiden with mylde steuene,

360 "A song of wondris now synge we."

¶ "A, ha!" seide **Adam**, "my god y se;
He þat made me wiþ his hond!"

"I se," seide **noe**, "where comeþ hee

364 þat sauede me bope on watir & londe!"

¶ Quod **abraham**, "y se my god so free
þat sauede my sone fro bittir bande!"

þo seide **moyses**, "þese tablis he bitook me

368 His lawe to preche and vndirstande!"

¶ Quod **Dauid**, "we spoken of oon so grym
þat schulde breke þe brasen ȝatis."

- Quod **Zacharie**, “ & his folk out nym,
 372 And leue þere stille þo þat he hatis.” Zachariah,
- ¶ Quod **sytheon**, “ he liztneþ his folk in dym,
 Lo where derknes schendip her statis.
 þo seide **iohne**, “ þis lomb, y spak of him,
 376 þat al þe worldis synne a-batys.” Sytheon,
and John the Baptist.
- ¶ Oure lord them took bi þe hond,
 And brouzt þem to þe place of blis,
 And seide to them, y vndir-stonde,
 380 “ þis bargeyn y haue bouzt her, þis :
 ¶ For riche & pore, free and bonde
 þat wole axe grace and ameende þer mys,
 Schulen be with 3ou heere pleyande [Page 176.]
Christ led
them to bliss, say-
ing he had bought
it for all who will
ask grace, and
amend their sins.
- 384 In my kingdom, heuene blis.”
- ¶ Thus ihesus crist harewide helle,
 And ledde hise louers to paradijs :
 Of þe opere hellis wolde he not melle,
 388 Where feendis blake bounden lijs,
 ¶ And where dampned soulis euere schulen dwelle
 þat wolen not do weel, but euere be nyce,
 Turmentid with horrible deuelis of helle
 392 þat sumtyme were aungils of prijs. Thus Christ
harrowed Hell.
But the other
hells he wouldn't
touch, where
fiends and dam-
ned souls ever
dwell,
tormented by
horrible devils.
- ¶ Helle repreued þo þe deuel sathan,
 And horribli gan him dispice,
 “ To me þou art a schrewide captayn,
 396 A combrid wretche in cowardise.” Then Hell re-
proached Satan
with cowardice.
- ¶ þo seide lucifer, “ siþen þe world bigan
 I haue brouzt hidir manye a greet price
 Hidir into helle of al kinde of man,
 400 Boþe þe false, foolis, and þe wise. [Page 177.]
But Lucifer justi-
fied himself; he
had brought all
kinds of men
there,
and Christ too;
but Hell wouldn't
- ¶ Helle, so worschipide neuere þou were
 If þou cowdist haue kept þee soo ;

keep them.

I brouzte þee boþe god & man in fere ;
404 Whi were þou so nyce to leete him go ?”

Hell said he
couldn't help it.
Christ took them.

¶ Quod helle, “ not wiþ þi poowere
I myzte not werne him oon of tho ;
He took out alle þat were him dere ;
408 I myzte not lette him, þouȝ he wolde mo.”

Beelzebub barred
up the gates, but
Christ broke them
through with a
word.

¶ Quod belsabub, “ y barrid ful faste
þe ȝatis with lok, cheyne, bolt, & pyn ;
And with oo word of his wyndis blaste
412 þei broken vp, and he came ynne.
¶ He boond me, and downe me caste ;
it is to us no bote to stryue with him ;
Whanne þe dreedful doome is come & paste,
416 Oure eendeles peyne is þanne to bigynne.”

After the Doom
comes endless
torment.

[Page 178.]
Jesus rose on the
third day,

¶ þouȝ þe iewis dide ihesu to die,
ȝit on þe þridde day he roos to liif aȝen ;
It was to him moore victorie
420 þan þowȝ he hadde alle þe iewis sleyn.

and was seen by
many ;

¶ Summe were glad whanne þei him siȝe,
Summe were sory, summe were fayne,
And sumtyme in oon companye
424 Amonge .v. hundrid he was seyn.

once in a company
of 500.

To Mary Magda-
lene He said

¶ Of oynement ful manye a drope,
Marie mawdeleyne to ihesu sche brouzte ;
Ihesu wente fro a litil a-slope,
428 And seide, “ mawdeleyn, towche me nouȝt.”

‘Touch me not,’
but to His
disciples,
‘Handle my
wounds; I have
flesh and blood,
which ghosts
haue not.’

¶ Alle hise disciplis weren in wanhope ;
For to counforte them ihesu pouȝte,
And bad hem hise woundis handle & grope,
432 “ I haue fleisch & blood ! so spiritus haue nouȝt.”

To Thomas

¶ Thomas was of right hard bileeue
Til he hadde spoke wiþ ihesu tho :

- Ihesu spak wiþ wordis breue,
 436 "Come hidir, thomas, & speke me to ;
 ¶ For here þou maist now þe soope preue,
 How þat y on þe roode was y-doo ;
 And he þat wille not on it bileeue,
 440 Schal be dampned to peine for euermo."

Jesus said,
 'Come and see
 the proof that I
 was crucified.
 [Page 179.]
 He who will not
 believe it shall be
 damned.'

- ¶ þanne seide ihesu wiþ myelde speche
 To hise disciplis, "y wole 3e goo
 To alle creaturis aboute, to preche
 444 Myn uprisynge, to freende & foo ;
 ¶ And þo þat bileeuen þat 3e teeche,
 Bodies and soulis saued ben thoo ;
 And þo þat bileeuen not, y seie to eche,
 448 þo schulen for euere to peine goo.

To His disciples
 He said, 'Go and
 preach my upris-
 ing to all people.

They who believe
 it shall be saved ;
 they who do not
 shall go to hell.

- ¶ From 3ou, feendis schulen flee for my name ;
 Eddris & venym schal from 3ou steele ;
 þou3 3e drinke poisoun, it schal not 3ou tame,
 452 Neiper harme 3ou, ne noo greef feele.
 ¶ I schal newe tungis in 3ou frame
 Alle maner of langagis forþ to deele ;
 And þo þat 3e touche, sike or lame,
 456 Body and soule y wole hem heele."

Devils shall flee
 from you,
 poison shall not
 hurt you.

You shall speak
 all languages, and
 heal all sick you
 touch.'

- ¶ Oure lord, aftir his resurreccioun, here
 In erþe he was forsoþe dwellynge
 Til hooly þursday comen were,
 460 þat he stiz to heuene, where he is king.
 ¶ At þe dreedful doom, wiþ-out lesing,
 Boþe quycke and deede þere schal he deme.
 God 3eue us grace in oure lyuynge
 464 To serue oure god, & marie to qweeme.

[Page 180.]
 Christ remained
 on earth till Holy
 Thursday, and
 then ascended
 into heaven.
 He shall judge the
 living and dead.

- ¶ Of alle þe children þat euere were borun,
 Saue oonli crist him silf a-loone,

Next to Christ

the holtest child
was John the
Baptist, who
baptized Christ

Was no on so holi here biforn
468 As was þis holi child seynt iohun
¶ þat baptisid oure lord in flom iordan
Wip ful deuout & good deuocioun,
And after for ihesus loue to deep gan goon,
and died for Him. 472 And suffride ful mykil passioun.

Christ's blessed
Mother was

¶ Now schal y telle with ful good cheere
Of þat holi assumpcioun
Of his blessid modir dere,

taken up to her
Son
[Page 181.]

476 How sche was taken up with greet deuocioun

by angels, and
crowned

¶ Vnto hir blessid sone, as his wil were,
þat þerto sente hise aungils a-down,
& vp þei baren þat maiden cleere ;

Queen of Heaven,

480 Queene of heuen þere þei dide hir crowne.

while all the
angels sang

¶ þenne alle aungils þat were in heuene
Were at þe crownyng of þat maide free,
And songen alle with mylde steuene

Glory to God.

484 "Gloria tibi domine."

May we all see
that sight !

¶ þat is a song of ioie and blisse !
God ȝeue us grace þat siȝt to se,
Of his mercy þat we nouȝt mysse,

488 Qui natus es de virgine.

This song is
called 'The
Devil's Perla-
ment,' and is read
on the first Sunday
in Lent. He who

¶ þis song þat y haue sunge ȝou heere,
Is clepid 'þe deuelis perlament :'
þerof is red in tyme of ȝeere

492 On þe first sunday of clene lent.

would go to
heaven must keep
clear of the devil.

¶ Who-so wole haue heuen to his hire,
Kepe he him from þe deuelis combirment ;
In heuene his soule may þere be sure

496 Wip aungils to pleie verament.

[Page 182.]
There is no tri-
fling in this tale.

¶ þis lessoun was made but late ;
þere ben no triflis in þis tale ;

- þe deuelis boost þus gan he bate,
 500 Oure curteis crist, oure king riale.
 ¶ He helpe us in alle at heuene 3ate,
 Wip seintis to sitte þere in sale!
 Crist ! kepe us out of harme and hate,
 504 For þin hooli spirit so special !

This is how
 Christ humbled
 the Devil.

May He help us
 into heaven, and
 keep us out of
 harm.

Explicit parlamentum of feendis.

[The *Diatorie* printed in *The Babees Boke*, &c., follows here.]

The Mirror of the Pericls of Man's Life,

OR

BIDS OF THE VIRTUES AND VICES FOR THE
SOUL OF MAN.

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., pages 120-150, written without breaks, till near the bottom of p. 131, as marked by the inseting of the even lines here.]

Man's birth is
wonderful! Be-
gotten in sin,

endangering his
mother's life.

Poor he comes;
poor he goes.

I dreamt I saw
a new-born child
[Page 121.]

go into the desert,
and be taken in
hand by an
Angel-friend and
an Angel-foe.

The World told
the Child it gave
him food and
clothes.

How mankinde doop bigynne
is wondir for to scryue so ;
In game he is bigoten in synne,
4 þe child is þe modris deedli foo ;
Or þei be fulli partide on tweyne,
In perelle of deef ben boþe two.
Pore he come þe world with-ynne,
8 Wip sorewe & pouert oute schal he goo.

In wyntir nyzt or y wakid,
In my sleep y dreemed so ;
I saw a child modir ' nakid,
12 New born þe modir fro.
Al aloone, as god him makid,
In wildirnesse he dide goo,
Til two in gouernaunce it takid,
16 An aungel freende, an aungil foo.

Quod þe world to þe child, " how many foolde
Hast þou brouzt richesse ? now late se :
þou schuldist deie for hunger and coolde
20 But y lente meete & cloþe to þec :

also in
Fr. 2. 38 (to 1. 106)

- I wole þee fynde til þou be oolde;
 How wolt þou quyte it me?"
 Quod desteine, "he is bouzt & soolde."
 24 Quod deep, "his eende make schal we."
- Quod þe child, "y come poore þe world with-
 inne
 To pursue a wondirful eritage :
 Nakid out of þe wyket of synne,
 28 Of the perellis of streite passage,
 To seke deep y dide bigynne,
 þat ilke dredful pilgrymage,
 Mi body & soule to parte a tweyne,
 32 To make a deuourse of þat mariage.
- L**iztnesse, strenþe, corage & bewte,
 þe comaundementis þat god bede ;
 Lust, liking, & iolite,
 36 .vij. werkis of mercy ¹ and þe crede.
 Veyne glorie, flaterynge, and vanyte,
 Sowowe, sizing, loue, & drede,
 To the child her service profren he,
 40 For helle peyne or heuene meede.
- T**hanne come oon & stood ful stille,
 And his service profride he :
 "þese folke wolde þi silfe spille
 44 To make þee bonde ; y wole make þee free.
 þei han þee tauzt boþe good & ille ;
 From her councei fast þou flee,
 For my name is freewille ;
 48 Leue alle hem & folowe me."
- T**he 3onge childe in studie stood,
 And in herte wittis souzte.
 Conscience mengid his mood,
 52 "Mi fair childe, what hast þou þouzt ?

How would he
pay it for them ?

The Child.
I came to seek
a wondrous
heritage ;

to seek Death ;

to divorce my soul
from my body.

Bodily gifts, and
God's Command-
ments,
the Pleasures of
this life, its
[1 Page 122.]
Sorrrows, and the
Works of Mercy,

offer to lead the
child to heaven or
hell.

Freewill says,

I will make thee
free ;

leave all others,

and follow me.

Conscience says,

know evil from
good ;

Freewill will
make thee mad ;

I am Conscience, knowe yuel & good,
We two to rekenyng must be brougt :
Biwaare ! free wille wole make pee woode ;
Free wille *withouten* witte is nougt.

know me,
Conscience ;

[1 Page 123.]
cultivate
Prudence ;

beware of Reck-
lessness.

For my name is Conscience ;
To knowe me þou must bigynne ;
Discrecioun is my science,
60 Vicis & Vertues ¹ to voide a twynne.
A-queynte þe weel *with* Prudence,
He lediþ alle vertues out & inne ;
Bi waar of richelees, for he wole make diffence,
64 For he is leder of al synne.

At seven years
old the Child

is urged by the
Good Angel to

honour his
parents ;

by the wicked
Angel to despise
them ;

by the Good to

bridle his tongue ;

by the Wicked to
give it license.

¶ Whanne þe child was .vij. 3eer olde,
Passyng sowkyng of milke drewis,
þe good aungil þe childe dide weelde ;
68 Al vertu to him þan soone he schewis :
“To fadir & modir honour þou 3eelde ;
Loue god, & drede, and be of good þewis.”
þe wickid aungil bad him be boold
72 To calle boþe fadir & modir schrewis.

Þe good aungil badde him “be mylde
From al woo, it wole þee werre :
þat man may hi3e housis bilde
76 þat his tunge can weel for-beerre.”
Quod þe wickid aungil, “while þou art a child,
With þi tunge on folk þou bleere ;
Course of kynde is for 3ouþe to be wilde,
80 To beete alle children, and do hem deerre.”

[1 Page 124.]
Childhood lasts
from seven

to fourteen.

Thus at ¹ .vij. 3eer age childhood bigynnes,
And folowith folies many foold ;
Aftirward his childhode blyunes ;
84 Whanne he is fourtene 3eer olde,

- panne knowliche of manhode he wynnes,
 þe .vij. vertues wiþ him wonne wolde ;
 panne comeþ þe .vij. deedli synnes
 88 With þe wickid aungil housholde to holde.

Then the Seven
Virtues and the
Seven Mortal
Sins strive for the
boy's soul.

- Quod resoun, "in age of .xx. 3eer,
 Goo to oxenford, or lerne lawe."
 Quod lust, "harpe & giterne þere may y leere,
 92 And pickid staffe & buckelere, þere-wiþ to
 plawe,
 At tauerne to make wommen myrie cheere,
 And wilde felawis to-gidere drawe,
 And be to bemonde A good squyer
 96 Al nyzt til þe day do dawe.

About twenty
years old, Reason
advises man
study;
Lust advises
music, staff-play,

women, and
wild companions.

- Quod conscience, "þat axiþ coost ;
 þe moore þou spendist, þe lesse þou hast ;
 þi tyme, þi leernynge boþe ben loost,
 100 þi freendis good þou spendist in waast."
 Quod lust to conscience, "3ouþe so muste ;
 3ouþe can not kepe him chast."
 "Good conscience, goo preche to þe post,
 104 þi counceel saueriþ not my tast.

Conscience says
these will waste
time and
learning.

Lust poohpoohs
that; and the
[Page 125.]
young Man scorns
it;

- Þou3 Conscience bidde me be stille,
 I wole holde forþe þat y bigan ;
 Al my lust y wole ful-fille,
 108 I wole spare no womman ;
 Conscience wolde binde me to skille,
 And make me his bondman.
 Fareweel Conscience ! weelcome frewille !
 112 I wole lerne no more good þan y can."

his lust will spare
no woman ;

he will not be a
servant to con-
science, but to
Freewill, and
learn no good.

- Now vicis & vertues wole not slake,
 Now man is .xx. wyntir in age :
 Quod pride, "no man þou forsake,
 116 I wole þee sette in þe hizest stage."

After twenty
years old, come
the advice of
Pride,

- Gluttony, Quod gloteny, "nyȝt & day þou wake ;
Ete late & eerli in outrage."
- Lechery, Quod leccherie, "þi seed richelees þou schake,
120 And make no force of no mariage."
- Wrath, **Q**uod wrappe, "loke þou bere þee bolde ;
What man þee teene, His heed þou breest."
- Envy, Quod enuie, "þi foote þou holde,
[Page 126.] 124 And pursue ¹ for to passe þe beest."
- Sloth, Quod sloupe, "in zoupe, or þou be oolde,
Lerne for to take þi reest."
- Covetousness, Quod Coueitise, "wynnen y wolde."
- Avarice, 128 Quod auarise, "locke me in þi cheest."
- Pride says, wear
long pockets, and
slashed (?)
clothes ;*
" **A**pparaile þe propirli," quod Pride,
" Loke þi pockettis passe þe lengist gise ;
Slatre þi clothis bope schorte & side
132 Passinge alle opere mennis sise ;
And where þat þou goo ouþer ride,
Do no reuerence to foole ne wise ;
oppress the poor,
despise advice. Late no poore neiȝbore þryue þee biside ;
136 Alle oper mennis councel loke þou dispise."
- Meekness says :
Pride will bring
you to woe.
Once he was
lovely in highest
heaven,*
" **B**i waar," quod Meekenes, "how pride doop
wys ;
He ȝeueþ but woo & wyssche to wage ;
Of aungelis bewte þe prijs was his ;
140 In heuene on þe hizest stage,
He wolde haue peerid with god of blis ;
now he is loath-
some in hell,
and meek man
has his inherit-
ance. Now is he in helle moost loopeli page.
þat feendis forfetid for her mys,
144 Is now meeke mannis eritage."
- Wrath advises :
meddle in every
quarrel,
[Page 127.]*
Quod wrappe, "From þat councel flee,
þou art stalworþe, zonge, and lizte,
Of all quarellis medle þou þee
wrong or right. 148 Bope of wronge & of riȝte.

- Who dar bete þee, nay lete be,
 Riche or poore, weike or wijte,
 Loke þou bere þee boolde on me,
 152 And y for þee wole chide & flizte.”

I will bully for
 you.

- Þanne up stood Paciens,
 “As wrappe biddiþ, do not soo,
 For wrappe haþ no Conscience,
 156 He makip ech man operis foo ;
 þer-with he getip his dispençe,
 þat schulde be freende, to make hem foo.
 Praie god, he be þi diffence,
 160 þat þou be not founde in þe noumbre of þoo.”

Patience warns

him against

Wrath,

who makes
 friends foes.

- Quod enuie þanne, “y wole þee leere
 To make þi lord to þee tame ;
 Be homeli, & rowne in his eere,
 164 And bringe trewe folk in fals fame.
 Make him þi suget, to þee to swere
 þat he schal not discure þi name ;
 So make him fals witnesse to bere,
 168 And gete þee richesse wiþ god-is grame.”

Envy counsels
 man to whisper
 evil reports of

true men under a
 promise of
 secrecy.

- Þanne up roos a souereyn uertu
 þat is clepid Charite :
 “Loke þou not hise maners sue,
 172 For god-is enemy soþeli is he.
 Do þou to euery man þat is due
 As þou woldist he dide to þee.”
 Quod Coueitise “and alle folk were trewe,
 176 Manye a man schulde neuere þee.

Charity says,

Envy is God's
 enemy.
 ‘Do to others as
 you would they'd
 do to you.’

[Page 128.]

Covetousness

advises man to

- Caste þee faste to Coueitise,
 Make sotil þi wittis, & forge wilis,
 And preue þat trewe men be nyce,
 180 For so þe fals þe trewe bigilis ;

scheme and cheat,

- Seie 'alle folk ben not sotil in dede ;'
 Excuse þee so bi oþer men,
 And ȝeue hem myche maugre to mede
 216 þat ony good þee wolde kenne."
- Q**uod Besinesse, "man ! of Slouþe be waare ;
 He is assigned to helle for synne ;
 In good lyuyngþe þi wittis ware,
 220 To drede god þou muste bigynne ;
 þi fleischeli lustis þou muste spare,
 For vicis and vertues wole voide atwynne ;
 In besinessis hous is good weelfare,
 224 And Slouþe hap hunger and cloþis þinne."
- Q**uod leccherie to man, "loue þanne weel me,
 þi lustis with wommen þou fulfille,
 For if þou in ȝouþe sparist þanne þee,
 228 þou maist falle in greet perille.
 ȝouþe ful of corage wole be ;
 þou muste haue helpe, or ellis spille ;
 Spare no womman, y councele þe,
 232 þouȝ summe cryen neuere so schille."
- Q**uod Chastite to man, "loo,
 Herken how leccherie dooþ speke !
 Whanne þou þi foule luste hast doo,
 236 Bi waare him þanne ! he wole þee þrete,
 And seie 'for þou hast so doo
 þou must suffre peynes greete ;'
 And but if god help þee þo,
 240 Soone in wanhope he wole þee lete."
- Q**uod þe good aungil, "ȝit þee averse ;
 Lerne witte while þou art heere ;
 He is a foole þat may be wise,
 244 In heuene comþ no foolis to ȝeere,

excuse yourself
by others'
example.

Business warns
man against
Sloth.

Fear God, and
deny your lusts.

[Page 130.]

Business brings
welfare.

Lecchery says :
Satisfy your lust
with women ;

youth will begay.

Spare no woman.

Chastity warns
man that Lust
when gratified
will threaten him
with

torments, and
he'll fall into
despair.

The Good Angel
tells man to
consider,
and not be a fool,

. [Page 131.] .

as God refuses
reckless fools.

God doop richelees foolis refuse
þat kuznen no good, ne noon wole lere ;
If wordis excuse, werkis accuse,
248 þat makip hem worse þan þei were."

At thirty years
old, man boasts
of his powers.

"**I**N pritti 3eer now y abide ;
In discrecioun I haue in-si3t,
Loueli to goo, and to ride,
252 Ful of manhode & of my3t."

Conscience re-
proves him for
his vices,

Quod Conscience, "vertues þou puttist aside,
And norischist vicis day & ny3t."
Quod man in scorn, "lo, Conscience doop chide!
256 For losse of catel he dar not fi3t."

and shows him
the cost of Pride,

(as againt
Meekness),

of Lechery,

Gluttony,

"**M**an, kepe þi richesse," quod Conscience,
"To maynteine pride, it costip greeete ;"
It costip nou3t, meekenesse ne pacience,
260 But it axip greet coost to chide & to beete.
Leccherie axip greet dispense,
It distroieþ mannis kindeli heete ;
And glotenie coostip wipouten diffence
264 Boþe in diuerse drinkis and meete.

Envy,

[Page 132.]

Sloth,

Covetousness, and
Avarice.

IT costip greet to use a synne
þat is clepid foule Enuye,
For it fretip man *with-inne* ;
268 Bodi & soule it doop distroie.
Sloupis prifte, it is ful pinne,
It costip myche in sloupe to lie ;
And Coueitise al þe world wolde wyne,
272 And Auarise aftir more doith crie."

Man justifies
himself.
Youth must do
folly, or Age
would have no
wisdom. --

Quod man to Conscience, "3ouþe axip delice ;
For 3ouþe þe course of kinde wole holde ;
But 3ouþe were a foole and nyce,
276 How schulde wijsdom be founde in oolde.

- þe corage of 3ouþe, and oolde wise,
 Makip 3onge men to be boolde ;
 In witt of oolde, worschipe lijs ;
 280 In þe witte of wise, kingdom is holde.

- P**ou wastist þi wynde & spillist þi speche,
 þi wordis me is loof to heere ;
 And y dide as þou doist me teche,
 284 I schulde neuere make myrie chere.
 Wenest þou with þin hond heuene to reche ?
 þin arme wole not be so longe to 3eere ;
 Now, good Conscience, & þou wolt preche,
 288 Goo stele an abite, & bicom a frere."

"I hate to hear
 you, Conscience,
 trying to stop my
 merry-making.

If you *will* preach,
 steal a cowl and
 be a friar.

- Q**uod man, y pleie, y wrastile, y sprynge,
 þese ioies wolen neuere wende me fro ;
 Now alle gamys hom y brynge ;
 292 What such as y am, þer ben no moo :
 I leepe, y daunce, y skippe, y synge,
 I am so myrie y can not seie hoo."
 Quod Conscience, "þou schalt weepe & wringe
 296 Whanne þei take her leue to goo."

[Page 133.]
 I play and wrestle,

dance and sing,
 and never cry
 Halt !"
Conscience.
 "You'll weep
 when that's
 over."

- "**M**yn izen ben cleere & bri3t as glas,
 Mi lire as lillye and roose of hewe,
 Of schappe & strengþe alle folke y passe,
 300 And euere my uertu wexip newe."
 Quod Conscience, "y loue þee weel þe lasse,
 þou usist no werkis of good vertu."
 "Goo, Conscience, þou lewide asse,
 304 I kepe not þi maneris to sue."

Man.
 "My eyes are
 bright, and I'm

stronger than any
 other man."

Conscience.
 "You do no good
 works."

Man.
 "Conscience,
 you're an ignorant
 ass."

- Q**uod man, "Myne age is fourti 3eere."
 Quod þe world, "y offre to þee my weelee."
 Quod strengþe, "late no man be þi peere."
 308 Quod corage, "latè no man with þee deelee."

At *forty* years
 old, man is ad-
 vised by the
 World,
 Strength,
 Courage,

[Page 134.]

Lust,
Health,

Conscience,

Quod luste and liking, "make good cheere."

"I am al hool wiþ þee," quod heele.

Quod Conscience, "wistist þou what þese were ?

312 At nede wole faile þi fleische so freele."

and Truth.
Got riches in
youth that shall
do for age.**Q**uod Conscience to man in zoupe,

"Traueile in troupe in tyme is beste."

Quod troupe, "gete þee richesse noupe

316 Wherwiþ in oolde to haue þi reste ;

þouȝ age can as he cowthe,

Myȝt & corage he haþ looste,

He kepþ his soule þat kepþ his moupe,

320 For þe soule to þe fleisch is but a goost."

At fifty years old,

Conscience tells
man to do good
works.**N**ow am I fifti ȝeere y-wis,

Myn heer bigynneþ to change his hewe."

Quod Conscience, "flee from alle vice,

324 And use werkis of good vertu,

Late not þi werkis preue þee nyce,

Loke þat þou euere be founden trewe."

He prefers
covetousness.

"Fare weel Conscience, weelcume Coueitise !

328 To be richee now y wole pursue."

[Page 135.]
Conscience dis-
suades him ;
Overhope makes
him sin ;**Q**uod Conscience, "þat is idil bisynesse,

Nedelees richesse to gadre soo ;

Ouerhope is þe cause y-wisse,

332 He wenep ameende al er he goo."

Despair helps too.

Wanhope seiþ, "kepe weel þis,

For þe world wole faile us two."

Quod Conscience, "chaunge not heuen blis

336 For helle peyne, sorowe, and woo."

At sixty years
old, man
laments his evil
doings.**I**n sixti ȝeere myn age is piȝte,

Myn ȝen daswen, myn heer is hoore ;

In my werkis y haue febil in-siȝte,

340 I fynde no vertu in my stoore.

- How schal y reckene *with* god almyȝt?
 I am aschamed wondir soore."
 Quod Conscience, "certis it were riȝt
 344 To be holi now or neuere mocre."
- How shall he
 reckon with God?
 "Be holy now or
 never."
- Quod ȝouthe to age, "what doist þou nowþe?
 Hange up þin hachet & take þi reste;
 þe sunne is past fer bi þe sowthe,
 348 And hiȝeth swiþe in to þe weste."
 Quod man, "y serued þee in ȝougþe
 And al þe tyme myne eruest leste,
 Wiþ sorowe of herte & schrifte of mouþe
 352 To god ȝit haue y kepte þe beste."
- Youth taunts the
 old man: he is
 past and gone.
 [Page 136.]
 The old man
 repents and will
 serve God.
- "Age, calle aȝen ȝistirday to-morowe;
 And alle þi werkis, bigynne hem newe."
 Quod man, "þouȝ þou speke in scorne,
 356 þou techist me good þat y neuere knewe;
 I wole biþinke me on my werkis biforn,
 Do almes dede, praie, & rewe,
 And goddis mercy schal ynne my corn,
 360 And fede me wiþ þat þat y neuere sewe."
- Youth mocks him
 again.
 The old man
 learns from the
 scorn,
 will pray and
 sorrow, and God
 will in his corn.
- IN ȝougþe whanne y was wilde & stronge,
 þe fals world fair dide me wowe,
 Me þouȝt ech worde a myrie songe,
 364 Wiþ pipis, and dauncis, & mirþis y-nowe.
 Now seiþ he, he loued me to longe,
 For myn heer bigynneþ to blowe;
 To þi mercy, lord, me vndirfonge,
 368 þe tyde is ebbid, & no more wole flowe."
- but in age has
 left me.
 Have mercy on
 me, Lord.
- "þe candel of lijf þi soule dide tende:
 To liȝte þee hom," resoun dide saye.
 "Miche of my candel in waaste y spende,
 372 Manye wickid windis haþ wastid it away;
- [Page 137.]
 My candle of life
 I let winds of
 wickedness waste;

I can scarcely
hold its end.

Vnnepe y holde my candelis eende,
It is past euensonge of my day ;
To reepe myn heruest, whidir mai y winde ?

376 Mi londis of vertues ligger al lay.

I lived in the
Devil's service,
with late suppers
and late rising.

¶ Whanne zoupe was maistir, y was page,
We lyueden myche in þe feendis seruice,
Wiþ rere souperis and wickid outrage,
380 Ligge longe in bed, loope to arise.

Now the wise
reprove me, and

Now haue y nouzt but wisschis to wage,
And myche reproof amonge þe wijse ;

former friends
hate me.

þei þat loueden me in zoupe, hatiden me in age,
384 And vnkindeli me diden dispice.

I wonder why the
world was made.

Now haue y greet meruaile
þe world to man whi it was wrouzte ;
Fele temptaciouns now me assaile,

I have no rest,

388 I haue no reste for chaunge of pouzte.

[Page 133.]

Whanne y schulde reste y haue greet merueile ;
In bed to sleepe whanne y am brouzte,

and see nothing
but battle and
dread.

I se but drede and greet bataile

392 Al mannys lijfe, and it be souzte.

The world has
forsaken me ;

Thus þe fals world haþ forsaken me ;
For waste of hise goodis he accusiþ me ;

my sins accuse
me

þe synnes þat y loued, now haten me,
396 To Conscience þei adwiten me ;

fiends threaten
me ;

Feendis preten faste to take me,
And steren helle houndis to bite me ;

Death shakes his
spear at me.

Deef seiþ, my breed he haþ baken me ;
400 Now schakeþ he his spere to smite me.

I am like a stag
at bay.

Pus y am huntid as an herte to a-bay,
I not whidir y may me turne,
Myne enemyes myztilli me assay,

404 I waxe feble and vnourne ;

- To flee to god is my beste way,
 þere schal y in no poynt spurne ;
 Lord ! now socour me þat beste way,
 408 In þin herte blood, þat holi bourne."

I will flee to God.

Lord, help me !

- Q**uod ȝouþe to age, "y þee forsake,
 þi frendis deien, þi strengþe dooþ faile,
 þi siȝte and heeryng bigynneþ to slake,
 412 þee neediþ helpe and good counsaile ;
 God-is seruauantis in areest hap þee take
 Til deoþ on þee haue doon bataile ;
 þi rekenyng bi tyme bisili þou make,
 416 Or þe deuēl bringe þe countirtaile."

[Page 139.]
 Youth taunts Age
 with his failing
 strength.

and Death's ad-
 vance on him.
 He must make up
 his accounts
 quickly.

- Þ**ouȝ deoþ be eende of worldlis woo,
 þanne deoþ is euere mannys freende ;
 thouȝ soulis in helle be pēnischid soo,
 420 Deoþ comeþ not þere to make noon eende ;
 Deoþ makij soulis to heuen to goo,
 But in to heuen deoþ may not wende,
 For deoþ is flemyd heuene froo,
 424 Deoþ is sugett to god to bende.

To some Death
here is a friend,but not to any in
hell.

It sends some to
 heaven, and there
 troubles them not.

- "**N**Ow y am sixti ȝeere and ten,
 ȝonge folke Y fynde my foo,
 Where euere þei pleie, leepe, or renne,
 428 þei pinken in her weie Y goo ;
 And whanne y mete with olde men,
 I playne ' þis world is chaungid soo ; '
 Noon oþer bote is but seelde when
 432 Ech man tellij oþir his woo."

At seventy years
 old, the man feels
 in the way of
 young folk ;

[Page 140.]
 his only comfort
 is in complaints,
 and telling other
 old men his
 troubles.

- Q**uod ȝouþe to age, "y þee a-peeþe
 And þat bifore oure god y-wis ;
 I lente þee strengþe, bewte, & heele,—
 436 þese percallis ben of heuen blis,—

Youth accuses
him ofwasting his
strength

and wealth Corage, liztnesse, freendis, & weele ;
 Alle þese þou hast wastide amys
 in folly, From wijsdom in-to folies feele :
 440 God wole haue rekenyng of al þis.

his sight in vain-
 glory, his mouth
 in oaths and
 gluttony,
 444 Þine heerynge and þin iȝe siȝte
 þat þou hast wastide in veynglory ;
 þi mouþe to wronge aȝen riȝte,
 In fals oopis and foule gloteny ;
 his hands in
 robbery,
 þin hondis to robbe and to fiȝte ;
 þi strengþe þou wastidist in tyrauntry ;
 his beauty in
 lechery.
 448 þi feet in derknesse ouȝte of lizte,
 þi bewte þou wastidist in lecchery."

[Page 141.]
 The old man con-
 fesses his short-
 comings,

regrets his loss

of youth and
 power,

¶ Quod man, "y was gouerned Bitwene two þeuis,
 þei stale on me: Y was stalworþe & white ;
 Whanne my leepis weren brouȝt to preuis,
 452 I wondre on my silf Y was so lizte.
 ȝougþe staale from me ; þat soore me greuis ;
 Age steeleþ on me boþe day and nyȝte ;
 Mi ȝougþe, my vertu, al from me meuis ;
 456 Now wondre y on my silf where is my myȝte.

and complains
 how youth, with
 all its glory, has
 stolen from him,
 and age, with all
 its defects, has
 stolen upon him.

¶ ȝougþe staale from me, Y was stalworþe & lizte ;
 And age steeleþ on me Filþis to weelde ;
 ȝougþe steeliþ from me, Y ȝeede up riȝte ;
 460 Age steeleþ on me, Y bowe and ȝeelde ;
 ȝougþe haþ stolen from me My leepis lizte ;
 Age steeliþ on me, Y wexe on-mylde ;
 ȝougþe steeleþ my corage To pleie & fiȝte,
 464 Age is so on me stoolen þat y mote to god me
 ȝilde.

At eighty years
 old

¶ "N Ow y am euene of ȝeeris fore scoure,
 So manye wyntir Y am oolde ;
 þere y was wonte To leepe bifore,
 468 Fer aboute now My wei y hoolde :

- My backe bowip, myn igen ben soore,
 Myn hoothe blood is kelid coolde :
 Alas ! Conscience ! to litil y toke pi loore,
 472 þe talis þat þou hast ofte me toolde."

[Page 142.]
 his back is bent,
 his hot blood
 cold.
 Ah, Conscience !
 I did not listen
 to you.

- Q**uod Conscience, "where haddist þou þat speche?
 þi lizte leepis foonde to preue ;
 þe put of þe stoon þou maist not reche,
 476 To litil myzte is in þi sleue.
 In yougþe whanne y dide þee teche,
 Foule þou me þanne dedist repreue ;
 I þanke god of þi good leeche."
 480 "þhe, Conscience, now to þi wordis y leeue."

Conscience
 wonders at the
 man's repentance,

but thanks God
 for it.

- "**N**ow foure score ȝeeris is past,
 Mi lijf is but traueil & woo,
 Fer in to rereage y am cast,
 484 Into ten ȝeer and moo.
 My lymes foulden þat weren fast,
 Wiþ staffe in honde now y goo ;
 My redy speche may not last,
 488 So my teeþ ben fallen me fro.

At *ninety* years
 old man's life is
 but woe,

he walks with a
 staff,

his teeth fall out,

- F**ul of fleissche Y was to fele,
 Now may I neiþer stonde ne goon ;
 It hap now lefte me euery dele,
 492 Me is lefte But skyn & boon.
 Now y am vndre Fortunes whele,
 My frendis forsaken me Euerychoon,
 And alle þe synnes Y loued so weel,
 496 Now wote y weel þei been my foon."

[Page 143.]
 his flesh is gone,

he is but skin and
 bone,

forsaken by his
 friends,

and his sins his
 foes.

- Q**uod course of kinde, "What helpip, y wende,
 þi wissching And þin hadde-y-wist ?
 What maist þou On þo wordis spende,
 500 It is ful febil In þi fist.

Course of Nature
 asks the good of
 his vain regrets.

- All men expect
his death, and
none will regret
him; he cumber
all.
- Now alle men waiten aftir þin eende;
þou; þou deye, þou schalt not be myste;
þou combrest þoþe foo & frende,
504 þi mylle haþ grounde þi laste griste."
- These mortal
sins must quit the
aged:
- Pride,
- 508 Pre deedli synnes maden her moone,
"We forsaken man in age."
Quod Pride, "y am from him goon,
For Pride in age Doiþ disperage."
- Lechery,
[Page 144.]
- Gluttony.
- 512 Quod lecherie, "He loueþ to lie a-loone;
þou; he wolde do, him wantiþ corage."
Quod Glotenie, "he is but felle & boone,
He loueþ more mesure þan outrage."
- Two think him
no good,
Envy and
Wrath.
- 516 Quod Envie, "age hath no myzte
Ne richesse, lenger me to fynde."
Quod wrappe, "age may not fize
þou; he be angri, bi course of kynde."
- Two claim him,
Sloth and
Covetousness.
- 520 Quod Sloupe, "age my chaumbre haþ dizte,
And calleþ me ease in his mynde."
Quod Coueitise, "age haþ me hi; te;
Suget to me he dooþ him binde."
- Overhope, or vain
Confidence that
they will ever do
well, is the cause
of men's waste
and sin.
Then comes
Sickness.
- 524 "I knowe," quod ouerhope, "fleissch is frelc,
Of oolde and zonge, of man, of childe;
In ouerhope þei wasten her weele,
And in diuerse werkis ful wyld;
þei ouerhope euere to lyue in heele,
From age & sijknesse þei wenep hem schilde,
þanne comeþ sijknesse, & printiþ his seele."
- Then Wanhope or
Despair,
- 528 Quod wanhope "þan y make him mylde;
- [Page 145.]
and bids them
hoard.
- Overhope still
lures them on;
- 532 I bidde him horde, and richesse saue,
For wanhope after mischife doiþ waite,
Whanne sijknesse comeþ men to craue,"
Quod ouerhope, "þan y flatir, & sumtyme flaite,

- 'pou schalt lyue, and pi silf it haue.'"
 "3he," seiþ wanhope, "kepe it straite,
 Of good hope no counsell þou craue
 536 Til deep þee caste *with a trippe of dissaute.*"
- Q**uod wanhope, "a gospel y radde :
 To telle it þee y wole bigynne,
 'If a man in synne be sadde
 540 Ech day newe, and lieþ þer-inne,
 Of such a man god is moore gladde
 þan of a childe þat neuere dide synne."
 Quod Conscience, "he wolde make þe madde
 544 To repente þee not, ne neuere blynnne."
- Q**uod Conscience to wanhope, "I-wys
 þou liest, y hate þe þerfore ;
 I knowe þe gospel, it seiþ þis,
 548 'If a man haue synned longe bifore,
 And axe mercy *And* a-mende his mys,
 Repente, and wilne to synne no more,
 Of þat man god gladder is
 552 þan of a child synlees y-bore.'"
- Q**uod wanhope, "a gospel y radde ;
 What it meneþ y can expownde,
 Eck man schal haue peine or meede,
 556 In þouzte or dede as he is founde ;
 He haþ not 3it repentid his dede,
 He sizkeþ for synnes ben not vnbounde ;
 þouþ mercy come, he schal not spede,
 560 For in daunger of wanhope he is bounde."
- Q**uod Conscience, "þou dotid hoore !
 God-is *mercy* þou woldist distroie ;
 þou wenest þi wickidnesse were moore
 564 þan god-is goodness & his mercie.

Despair mocks
them,

and tells them the
Gospel; if they

will plunge daily
into sin, God will
be more pleased
than if they never
sinned.

Conscience

reproves *Despair*,

and repeats the
true Gospel, that
of a repentant

sinner God is
gladder than of
[Page 146.]
one who never
sinned.

Despair urges
the Gospel that
men suffer as they

are found, and as
the old man has
not yet repented, he

cannot get mercy.

Conscience says,
'Doted whore,

God's mercy

is enough for a
thousand
worlds if they
ask it.'

568 For a þousand worldis þat mercie wole crie."

The Old Man
calls on the
Virtues to
befriend

him in his need.

572 "MEkenes, Pacience, and Charitee,
3e þat weren my frendis dere,
Mesure, Businesse, and Chastitee,
At þis mystire comþ me neere."

[Page 147.]

Recklessness
offers instead, the
crew of Sins that
he loved.

576 Quod Conscience, "þou flemed us from þee ;
þou woldist not oure loore leere."
Quod richelees, "loo, heere my meynee !"
þe synnes þat þou louedist & seruedist, lo hem
here !"

At a hundred
years old man
carries his bier
on his back, all
his friends wish
him dead.

580 "MYne age is now an hundrid 3eere ;
Litol y drinke, and lesse y ete,
On my backe I bere my beere,
And alle my frendis me forȝete,
Fayn þei wolde þat y deed were,
Wiþ sorewful wordis þei doon me þrete,
And seyn, 'for y am so longe heere,
584 Whanne y come hoome y schal be beete.'

He may stretch
out his neck for
Death's sword ;

588 NOW mote y leie forþ my nccke,
For deef his swerd out haþ lauȝte ;
But I deliuere weel þis checke,
I leese my game at þis drauȝte.

he is full of sin ;
he must go to
wreck
unless God have
mercy.

592 Ful of synne is my secke ;
To þe preest y wole schewe þat frauȝte,
Mi schip is chargid, al goop to wrecke
But if god of merci be wiþ me sauȝte."

The World re-
proves him,

Overhope and
Despair tempt
him,

596 THIS worlde haþ me in awaite,
And biddip me quite þat is past ;
My fleissche in ouerhope wolde me faite,
And into wanhope it wolde me caste.

- Helle houndis berken and baite,
 þe feendis writiþ my synnes faste,
 And deef me waitiþ with a trippe of dissaite ;
 600 These sixe maken me soore agaste."

[Page 146.]
 Hell-hounds bark
 for him, the Fiends
 and Death watch
 for him.

- Þanne comeþ forþ good hope :
 To saue man he wolde fonde ;
 "þou wronge weuere ouerhope !
 604 I make him free, þou woldist make him bonde ;
 I schal conclude þee, þou wanhope,
 Wile good feiþ wole with me stoonde ;
 Hooli writte seiþ, ' in god y hoope,
 608 His merci is ouer þe werkis of his honde."

But Good Hope
 will save the old
 man,

If Good Faith will
 help.

- Quod good feiþ, "for þe litil while
 þat now heere [þou] hast serued me,
 I wole þee kepe from al perile,
 612 And make pees bitwene god & þee ;
 And ouerhope, for al his gile,
 From þin herte y schal do him flee ;
 And wanhope also y wole exile,
 616 For he is not of oure fraternitee."

Good Faith will

make his peace
 with God,

and drive out

Overhope and
 Despair.

- Quod þe worlde, Y wole hise dettis quyte,
 And oute of his daunger me hyze ;
 þouȝ my fleissche berke, he schal not bitee,
 620 From his lustis y wole him tye ;
 I wole waissche a-¹Wey þat feendis write
 With sorowe of herte and teer of yȝe,
 But with deef y wole not dispuite,
 624 But make me cleene, and leerne to deie.

Man says he will

give up his fleshly

[¹ Page 149.]

lusts, will sorrow
 and weep,

and learn to die.

- God ! sowe þi merci amonge my seede,
 þanne schal it growe þouȝ y sowe late,
 And Repentaunce my corne schal weede,
 628 And make good pees þere was hate.

May God sow
 His mercy in
 him,
 and Repentance
 will weed his
 corn.

Then the works
of Mercy will let
him in at heaven's
gate.

þe comaundementis þat god bede,
þat is þe locke of heuen ȝate ;
Seuene *werkis* of mercy, and þe crede,
632 þese keies schullen late me in þerate."

Reader, you have
heard of Youth
and Age, Virtue
and Vice, Good
Angel and Bad.

Now haue ȝe herde of ȝoupis delice ;
And age in kynde, sijke, & woo ;
Knowing of uertu & of vice ;
636 Good aungil, & wickid freende, & foo ;
And vndirstondinge to be wijs.

Look in this
Mirror ; take
your choice, for
Heaven or Hell.

Now in þis mirroure loke ȝou soo ;
In ȝoure free wille þe choice lijs,
640 To heuen or helle whipir ȝe wille goo.

The world, the
flesh, and the
devil tempt us.

The worlde, þe fleissche, & þe feende,
In temptacioun doiþ us chase ;
Bid repentaunce to merci beende,
644 And waissche us at þe welle of *grace*.
Praie we to god graunte us good eende,
And in heuen to haue a place,
þat after oure deep we mowen þidir wende,
648 And in perfijt lous se his fair face.

[Page 150.]
Let us pray to
God,
that after death
we may see His
fair face.

Dear friends, who
read this, pray
for the Writer's
soul to Mary,
Mother,

Now, leeuie freendis, greete and smale,
þat haue herde þis trete,
Praie for þe soule þat wroot þis tale
652 A *Pater noster*, & an aue
To marie modir, maiden free,
As sche bare a childe Coumforte to us,
On þat soule haue pitee
656 If þe wille be of crist *ihesus*. amen.

to pity it if
Christ will.
Amen.

[*Stans Puer*, printed in *Babees Bokes*, &c., p. 27, follows here.]

God send us Paciens in oure Olde Age!

[Pages 113—17, written without breaks.]

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>From þe tyme þat we were born
 oure 3ouþe passiþ from day to day,
 And age encreesiþ moore & moore,
 4 & so doiþ it now, þe sothe to say :
 At euery hour a poynt is y-loore,
 So fast gooþ oure 3ouþe away,
 And 3ouþe wole come azen no moore,
 8 But age wole make us boþe blak & gray.
 þerfore take hede boþe nyzt & day
 How fast 3oure 3ouþe dooþ asswage ;
 And boþe 3onge & oolde, lete us praie
 12 þat god send us paciens in oure oolde age.</p> | <p>Our youth passes
 away from day
 to day,</p> <p>and will come back
 no more,</p> <p>Take heed, then,</p> <p>and pray God for
 patience in old
 age.</p> |
| <p>¶ Age wole take from us oure myzt
 þat in oure 3ouþe to us was lent ;
 And also þe cleernesse of oure syght
 16 And oure heerynge schal be faynt.
 þanne schulen we be heuy þat eer were lizt,
 Bicause þat 3ouþe is from us went,
 And þanne wole men do us no rizt,
 20 But al contrarie to oure entent,
 And sikenes wole do us greet turment
 Whom deef wole sende on his message ;
 Forsouþe þe best ameendement
 24 is þanne pacience in oure olde age.</p> | <p>Age will take from
 us</p> <p>our clear sight,
 hearing,
 and lightness.</p> <p>Sickness will
 torment us.</p> |

[Page 114.]

Our bones will
ache,

our head shake,

our nose turn
black,

our tongue lose
its fair speech.

Our friends will
hate us ;

we shall say, 'Oh,
if I had but
known ;'
no kiss will
greet us

and no joy
gladden us.
[1 Page 115.]
God send us
patience in our
old age !

Some will scorn
us, others think
we live too long ;
our stomachs will
take no food ;

we shall sing of
sorrow and care.

Oure body wole icche, *oure bonis wole ake,*
 oure owne fleisch wole ben oure foo ;
Oure heed, *oure hondis, þo wolen schake,*
28 And *oure leggis wole tremble where we go ;*
Oure bonis wole drie as doop a stake,
 And in *oure bodi we schulen be woo,*
Oure nose, *oure chekis, wolen wexe al blake,*
32 & *oure glad chere wole fade us fro ;*
And whanne *oure teef ben goon also,*
 Oure tunge schal lese his fair langage :
Praie we for us silf & *oper moo*
36 þat god sende us paciens in *oure olde age !*

Oure freendis þat schulden loue us best,
 þanne wole þei haue us but in hate,
In freendschip is þer noon *oper trust,*
40 & þerof be we waare to late.
þan may we syng of had y wist,
 Oure feynt freendis han us forsake,
And also we schulen go vnkist
44 boþe at þe dore & at þe gate ;
And for al þe cheer þat we can make,
 þan is 'no ioie of *oure visage :*
Whanne *oure bewte schal aslake,*
48 god send us paciens in *oure olde age !*

¶ we schulen be so *angri euermore,*
 we wolden ben awreke of euery wrong,
þanne summe wolen scorne us perfore,
52 & summe wole seie we lyue to long ;
Oure sorowe wole þan sitte us so soore
 Oure stomak wole no mete fonge ;
& eueri day more & more
56 Of sorewe & care schal be *oure song.*
whanne we were boþe hool & strong
 we were to wie[l]de, & wold out rage,

- And perfore lete us praie among*
 60 *pat god send us paciens in oure olde age.*
 ¶ For þan wole no þing us availē
 but oure bedis and oure crucehe,
 for wordli welþe wole fade & faile,
 64 And perfore truste we it not to myche;
 & þan wole sijknēs us assaile
 Til it haþ made us lijk a wrecche,
 & þan may we do no greet traueile
 68 But 'summtyme grone, & sumtyme grucche,
 And sumtyme clawe for scabbe & icche
 Whanne age haþ us at his auantage:
 Who-so lyueþ long schal be such;
 72 God sende us paciens in oure olde age!
 ¶ Al þat we haue lyued heere,
 It is but as a dreem y-met,
 For now it is as it neuere were,
 76 And so is it þat is to comyng ȝit.
 Ful fast we drawen to oure beere,
 In sorewe & drede we schulen be sett.
 Of oolde men þe ȝonge may lere,
 80 And fewe þer ben þat doon þe bett;
 For þe feend haþ cauȝt hem in his nett,
 And holdip hem fast in bondage
 For þei schulden not dispose her witt
 84 To haue pacience in her oolde age.
 ¶ þanne schulen we se þat worldli blis
 Is but a þing of vanite,
 And it makip men to do amys
 88 þat ben in weelþe & greet bewte;
 And perfor, lord, good riȝt it is
 With oure owne staf chastisid to be:
 Lord! ȝeue us grace to þinke on þis,
 92 As þou bouȝt us alle upon a tree,
 [Page 116.]
 and we shall
 groan and get the
 itch.
 May God send us
 Patience then!
 Our time on earth
 is but as a dream;
 we draw towards
 our death.
 Let the young
 learn from the
 old, for the devil
 keeps them
 from having
 Patience in their
 old age.
 Then worldly
 blis will seem
 vain.
 It is right that we
 be chastised with
 our own staff.
 Christ, let us think
 on this,
 [Page 117.]

and pass over
death to ever-
lasting blise.

And þat we may in charite .

Weel passe ouer þis passage

In-to þe blis þat euere schal be,

96 *Whanne we ben passid oure oolde age.*

[“Bothe 3onge & olde,” or “Se what oure lord suffride for
oure sake,” printed above, pp. 32-4, follows here.]

This World is but a Vanyte.

AN OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430, A.D., page 58 ;
written without breaks.*]

AS Y GAN wandre in my walkinge
 Bisidis an holt vndir an hille,
 Y say an oolde man sitte wepinge :
 4 With sizynge sore he seide me tille,
 ¶ " Sumtime y hadde þe world at wille,
 With ricchesse & with rialte,
 And now it is turned al to ille ;
 8 þe worlde is but a vanyte.

My silf I likne vnto þe morewe :
 Whazne y was child, & bor[e]n bare,
 Mi modir for me suffride sorewe
 12 With gruntyngis gril & sizinge sare ;
 ¶ On me was neiþer wem ne hore ;
 But siþen in synne y haue be ;
 Now y am oolde y wepe þefore ;
 16 þis world is but a vanyte.

At mydmore y lerned to go,
 And plaied as children doon in 'strete ;
 þe kinde of childhode y dide also,
 20 Wiþ my felawis to fize and þrete.
 ¶ Al þat y dide, it pouzte me swete,
 For al þis childhode tauzte me ;
 Now y am oolde, þefore y wepe ;
 24 þis worlde is but a vanite.

In my walk

I saw an old man
 sighing, and he
 said, " Once I
 had all the world
 at my will, but
 now it's all
 turned to ill.

I am like the
 Morning. At my
 birth my Mether
 groaned with
 pain.

I was spotless,

but now am
 sinful.

At Mid-morn I
 played,
 [1 Page 59.]
 and like a boy
 fought.

All I did, seemed
 sweet : but now I
 weep for it.
 This world is but
 vanity.

At Undren
9 A.M.) I was put
to school,

and cursed my
master when he
beat me.

I cared only for
joy and jollity,

alas!

At Mid-day I was
knighted,

and none durst
stand my charge.

Where is now my
bravery? Not to
be hidden from
death.

At High Noon I
was crowned
King, and fulfil-
led all my lusts.
[1 Page 60.]

Now age has
crept on me.

This world is but
vanity.

At Mid-afternoon
my pleasures
passed away.

Man's life here is
but a day com-
pared to everlast-
ing life.

At vndren to scole y was sett
To lerne lore, as opir doop;
Whanne my maistir wolde me bet,
28 I wolde him curse, y was ful wroop.
¶ To lerne good y was ful loop,
I pouzte on ioie & iolite;
Now certis, for to seie þe soop,
32 þis world is but a vanyte.

At mydday y was dubbid knyzt,
In route y lerned for to ryde;
Was þer noon so hardi a wiȝt
36 þat in bataile durste me abide.
¶ Where is bicomme now al my pride,
Mi booldnes, & my fair bewte?
Now from deep may y me not hide;
40 þis world is but a vanyte.

At hiȝ noon y was crowned king,
þis world was oonli at my wille;
Euere to ¹lyue was my liking,
44 And alle my lustis to fulfille.
¶ Now age is copen on me ful stille,
And makip me oold & blac of ble,
And y go downeward wiȝ þe hille;
48 þis World is but a vanite.

At mydouernoon y droupid faste,
Mi lust & liking wente away;
From iolite myn hert is paste,
52 From rialte & riche aray.
¶ Mannis lijf here is but a day
Azens þe lijf þat euere schal be;
And oo þing y dare weel say,
56 þat þis world is but a vanyte.

- A**t euensong tyme y wax ful coold,
 And bigan to go bi staue ;
 Now is deef on me ful boold,
 60 *And* for his rent he wole me craue.
 ¶ Whanne y am deed & leid in graue,
 þer is no þing þanne þat saueþ me
 But good or yuel þat y do haue ;
 64 þis world is but a vanite.

At Even Song I
 walked with a
 staff. Death seeks
 me.

In the grave
 nought saves but
 good done.

- T**hus is þe day come to nyzt,
 þat me lopith of my lyuyng,
 And doolful deef to me is dizt,
 68 *And* in coold 'clay now schal y clinge."
 ¶ þus an oold man y herde mornynge
 Biside an holte vndir a tree.
 God graunzte us his blis euerlastinge !
 72 þis world is but a vanite.

At Night I loathe
 my life. Death
 and the Grave
 possess me.

[¹ Page 61.]

God grant us His
 bliss ! for this
 world is but
 vanity.

["In a noon tijd," or "*Reuertere*," pp. 91-4 of this volume,
 follows here in the MS.]

This World is False and Vain.

[Lambeth MS. 853, page 32, written without breaks.]

Why is this world
beloued ?

Its power passes
away like a
brittle pot.

It is false in all,
and so unstable,

[1 Page 33.]

false in its
business and its
pleasures too.

Where is Solo-
mon,

or Samson,

Absalom or

Jonathan,

Cæsar

or Dives,

Tully

or Aristotle,

Whi is þis world biloued þat fals is & veyn,
Sipen þat hise welþis ben so unserteyn ?

¶ Al so soone hee passip his power away
4 As doop a brokil poot þat freisch is and gay.

¶ Truste 3e raper to lettris written *withinne* þis
þan to þis wrecchid world þat ful of synne is.

¶ It is fals in his biheeste, & rȳt disceyuable ;
8 It hap bigilid many a man, it is so vnstable.

¶ It is rapir ¹ to bileeue þe waginge wijnde
þan þe chaungeable world þat makip men so
blinde.

¶ For wheþer þou slepe or wake, þou schalt fynde
it fals

12 Bothe in hise bisinessis & in hise lustis als.

¶ Telle me where is Salamon, sumtyme a king
richee,

Or Sampson þe stronge to whom was no man
liche ?

¶ Or þe fair man absolon, merueilose in cheere,
16 Or þe duke ionatas, a weel biloued fere ?

¶ Where is bicomme cesar, þat lorde was of al,
Or þe riche man clopid in purpur & in pal ?

¶ Telle me where ys tullius, in eloquence so sweete,
20 Or aristotil þe Filosofre *with* his witt so greet ?

- ¶ Where ben þese worpi þat were heere-to-forn ?
Boþe kingis & bischopis, her power is al lorn.
or all former
kings ? All their
power is lost,
- ¶ Alle þese greete princis with her power so hiȝe
24 Ben vanischid now a-way in twynkeling¹ of an yȝe.
all vanished in
the twinkling of
an eye.
[1 Page 34.]
This world's joy
is a passing
shadow,
- ¶ þe ioie of þis wrecchid world is a schoorte feeste,
And it is likened to a schadewe þat may not longe
leste,
And ȝit it drawiþ man from heuen riche blis,
28 And ofte tyme it makith him to synne & do a-mys.
and yet makes
man lose heaven.
- ¶ Calle no þing þine owne, þerfore, þat þou maist
heere leese ;
For þat þe world haþ lent þee, ofte he wole it cese.
Call nothing here
thine own ;
- ¶ Sette þin herte in heuene a-boue, & þenke what
ioie is þere,
32 And þus to dispise þe world y rede þat þou lere.
set thy heart on
heaven above.
- ¶ þou þat art but wormes meete, poudre, & dust,
To enhance þi silfe in pride sett not þi lust.
Thou food for
worms, exalt not
thyself in pride ;
- ¶ For þou woost not to-day þat þou schalt lyue to-
morrowe,
thou may'st die
to-morrow.
- 36 þerfore do þou euere weel, And þanne schalt þou
not sorowe.
Therefore do well.
- ¶ It were ful ioieful & sweete, lordschipe to haue,
If so þat lordschip miȝte a man fro ²deep saue,
Lordship would
be good if it could
save a man,
[2 Page 35.]
- ¶ But for as myche as a man schal deie at þe laste,
40 It is noo worschip, but a charge, lordschip to
taaste.
but it is no
honour, only a
burden.

- Omnia terrena**
Per vices sunt aliena :
nescio sunt cuius ;
44 **mea nuac, cras huius et huius.**
Dic, homo, quid speres,
si mundo totus adheres ;
nulla tecum feres,
48 **licet tu solus haberes.**
All earthly things
are another's by
turns,
now mine,
now another's.
What do you hope
for, if you cleave
wholly to this
world ?
You can take
nothing out of it
but yourself.

Earth.

**Whanne liif is moost loued, and deep is moost hatid :
panne doop deep drawe his drawȝt, and makȝ man
ful nakid.**

De terra plasmasti me, &c.

Man, made of
earth, has only
cared how he may
be set high up on
earth.

ERþe out of erþe is wondirly wrouȝt,
Erþe of erþe haȝ gete a dignyte of nouȝt,
Erþe upon erþe haȝ sett al his þouȝt,
4 How þat erþe upon erþe may be hiȝ brouȝt.

Man would be a
king on earth ;
but when earth
[1 Page 36.]

bids him home,
he shall find it
hard to part.

¶ Erþe upon erþe wold be a king ;
But how erþe schal to erþe, þenkiȝ he no ' þing ;
Whanne þat erþe biddiȝ erþe hise rentis hom
bring,
8 þan schal erþe out of erþe haue a piteuous parting.

Man wins on
earth castles, and
says ' It is ours.'

But he shall
suffer sharply for
it.

¶ Erþe vpon erþe wyneȝ castels & touris,
þan seiȝ erþe to erþe ' now is þis al houris :'
Whanne erþe upon erþe haȝ biggid up hise
boure[s],
12 þanne schal erþe upon erþe suffir scharpe schouris.

Man goes on earth

glittering in gold,
and yet he shall
return to earth
before he likes.

¶ Erþe goop vpon erþe as molde upon molde,
So goop erþe upon erþe al glitteringe in golde,
Like as erþe vnto erþe neuere go schulde ;
16 And ȝit schal erþe vn-to erþe rapȝ þan he wolde.

Wretched man,
who toilest

¶ O þou wrecchid erþe þat on erþe traueilist nyȝt
and day

- To florische þe erþe, to peynte þe erþe with wan- to adorn thee with
towne aray ; fine raiment,
þit schal þou, erþe, for al þi erþe, make þou it yet shalt thou
neuere so queynte & gay,
20 Out of þis erþe into þe erþe, þere to clinge as a return to earth
clot of clay. like a clod.

- ¶ O wrecchid man, whi art þou proud 'þat art of [Page 37.]
þe erþe makid ? Why art thou
Hider brougttist þou no schroud, But poore come proud who art
þou, and nakid ; made of earth ?
Thou camest to
Whanne þi soule is went out, & þi bodi in erþe earth naked, and
rakid, when thou art
put in earth, all
24 þan þi bodi þat was rank & Vndeouout, Of alle men will hate
men is bihatid. thee.

- ¶ Out of þis erþe cam to þis erþe þis wrecchid Thy clothing
garnement ; came from earth
To hide þis erþe, to happe þis erþe, to him was to enwrap thy
clopinge lente ; earth,
Now goop erþe upon erþe, ruli, raggid, and rent, which under the
earth shall have
28 þerfore schal erþe vndir þe erþe haue hidiose torment.
turment.

- ¶ Whi þat erþe to myche loueþ erþe, wondir me Why earth(man)
þink, loves earth too
Or whi þat erþe for superflue erþe to sore sweete much, I wonder,
wole or swynk ;
For whanne þat erþe upon erþe is brouzt with- for when man
inne þe brink, comes to the
grave's brink he
32 þan schal erþe of þe erþe haue a rewful swynk. shall have a sad
time of it.

- ¶ Lo, erþe upon erþe, considere þou may Man, thou camest
How erþe comeþ into erþe nakid al way, into earth naked,
¶ Whi schulde erþe upon erþe go now so stoute or [Page 38.]
gay

and shall be so
when thou diest.

36 Whanne erþe schal passe out of erþe in so poore
array?

Think on this, and
of the judgment
at thy resurrec-
tion,

¶ Wolde god, þerfore, þis erþe, While þat he is
upon þis erþe, Vpon þis wolde hertile pinke,
And how þe erþe out of þe erthe schal haue his
aȝen-risynge,
And þis erþe for þis erþe schal ȝeelde streite
rekenyng;

and then never
for this earth
shalt thou dis-
please God.

40 Schulde neuere þan þis erþe for þis erþe mysplese
heuene king.

Pray therefore,

¶ þerfore, þou erþe, vpon erþe þat so wickidli hast
wrouȝt,

man, to God,

While þat þou, erþe, art upon erþe, turne aȝen þi
þouȝt,

that thou may'st
come to bliss.

And praie to þat god upon erþe þat al þe erþe
haþ wrouȝt,

44 þat þou, erþe upon erþe, to blis may be brouȝt.

Lord, let not man
come to grief for
this earth, but

¶ O þou lord þat madist þis erþe for þis erþe, &
suffridist heere peynes ille,

Lete neuere þis erþe for þis erþe myscheue ne
spille,

[¹ Page 38.]
here ever work
thy will, that he
may ascend to
thy high hill.

But þat þis erþe on þis 'erþe be euere worchinge
þi wille,

48 So þat þis erþe from þis erþe may stie up to þin
hiȝ hille. A-M-E-N.

[See an earlier Poem on *Earth*, in alternate English and Latin stanzas, in my edition of *Early English Poems* for the Philological Society, 1862, p. 150-2; and in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 216.

Memento homo quod cinis es, and the Creed (pp. 101-3 of this Text), follow here in the MS.

Reuertere!

(IN ENGLISCH TUNGE, TURNE AȝEN !)

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 61, written without breaks.*]

- I**n a noon tijd of a somers day
 þe sunne schoon ful myrie þat tide,
 I took myn hauk al for to play,
 4 Mi spaynel rennyng bi my side.
 ¶ A feisaunt hen soone gan y se,
 Myn hound put up ful fair to fliȝt,
 I sente my faukun, y leet him flee :
 8 It was to me a deinteuose siȝt.
 ¶ My faukun fliȝ faste to his pray,
 I ran þo *with* a ful glad chere,
 I spurned ful soone on my way,
 12 Mi leg was hent al *with* a brere.
 ¶ þis brere forsoþe dide me griȝf,
 And soone it made me to *turne aȝe*,
 For he bare written in euery leef
 16 þis word in latyn, reuertere.

- I**knelid & pullid þe brere me fro,
 And redde þis word ful hendeli ;
 Myn herte fil doun vnto my too
 20 þat was woont sitten ful likingly.
 ¶ I leete myn hauke & feysaunt fare,
 Mi spaynel fil doun to my knee,

One sunny
summer noon I
took out my hawk
and spaniel.

The dog put up a
hen pheasant,
and I flew my
falcon at her—a
pretty sight.

I ran on fast,

but a briar
brought me to
grief, and made
me turn back, for
on every leaf it was
written *Reuertere*.

I disentangled
myself.

My heart fell to
my toe.
[Page 62.]

I let the hawk and
hen fly,

and sighed over
this *Reuertere*.

þanne took y me wiþ sizynge sare
24 þis new lessoun, reuertere.

It means 'turn
again, or back.'

Turn, then, man
and think of thy
life, open and
hidden.

If thou would'st
go to heaven,
think of 'turn
again.'

Reuertere is as myche to say
In english tunge as, *turne azen* :
Turne azen, man, y þee pray,
28 And þinke hertili what þou hast ben ;
¶ Of þi liuyng be-þinke þee rijsen,
In open & in priuite.
þat þou may come to euerlastinge lijf,
32 Take to þi mynde reuertere.

I became serious,

and thought how
I had spent my
life.

I found myself
full far from God,

and will repent.

Þis word made me to studie sore,
And binam me al my list ;
How y hadde ledde my lijf so zore,
36 I putt it freischli in-to my brist.
¶ þanne foond y me ful fer y-flet
Al from god in maieste ;
Forsope þere schal no þing me leett
40 þat y ne wole syng reuertere.

This summer-
noon heat

[Page 83.]

is like

man in youth,
rushing into all
kinds of sin.

This noon hete of þe someris day,
Whanne þe sunne moost ¹ hizest is,
It may be likened in good fay,
44 For gregorie witnessiþ weel þis ;
¶ For in zonge age men wide doon walke
To dyuers synnis in fele degre :
þouȝ a zong man make a balke,
48 ȝit take to þi mynde reuertere.

Lust blinds many
a man,

and prevents him
thinking of
heaven.

For likinge blindiþ many oon
þat he seep not him-silf y-wis,
And makip his herte as hard as stoon ;
52 þanne þenkiþ he not on heuen blis ;
¶ For danyel preueþ it weel riȝtfulli,
As susannis storie telliþ me,

Two preestis were deemed worþili ;
56 For likinge þei knew not reuertere.

ȝouþe beriþ þe hauke upon his hond
Whanne iolite forȝetip age :
This hauke is mannis herte, y vndirstonde,
60 For it is ȝong & of hiȝ romage.
¶ He puttip his hauke fro his fist,
He þat schulde to god be free ;
He meltip and wexip a weel poore gist
64 Whanne 'he comeþ to reuertere.

Youth bears the
hawk on his
hand.

The hawk is
man's heart, and

is flown from the
fist, but not to
God.

[1 Page 64.]

For ful of corage is ȝougeþe in herte,
And waitynge euere on his pray,
He ne spariþ ryuer ne þornes smerte
68 To gete his myrþe þere he beest may.
¶ He þat enserchip þe derknes of nyȝt,
And þe myst of þe morowtide may se,
He schal know bi cristis nyȝt
72 If ȝouþe kunne synge reuertere.

Youth watches
ever its prey, and

sparcs no prick of
thorn to get its
pleasure.

Let the watcher
of the night ask
whether youth
will heed the call
'Turn again.'

This hauk of herte in ȝouþe y-wys,
Pursueþ euere þis feisaunt hen ;
þis feisaunt hen is likingnes,
76 And euere folewip hir þese ȝonge men.
¶ þis is likinge in euery synne,
Venial & deedli wheþer it be,
With greet likinge he wole bigynne,
80 But sorewe bringe forþ reuertere.

This hawk, man's
heart, pursues
ever the hen
pheasant
Pleasure,

Lust or Desire is
the beginning of
every sin,

Liking is modir of synnis alle,
And norischip euery wickid dede,
In feeles myscheues sche makip to falle,
84 Of al sorowe sche doop þe daunce leede.
¶ þis herte of ȝouþe is hie¹ of port,
And wildenes makip him ofte to fle,

their mother,
and nourisher,

and of all sorrow
leads the dance.

[1 MS. his.]

[Page 65.]

Youth, through
wildness,

often goes wrong.
Then it should
turn again.

And ofte to falle in wickid sort ;
88 þanne is it þe beste, reuertere.

In pleasure,
think that youth
must leave thee.

But be waar of welþe or þou be woo ;
In iolite whan þou art piȝt,
þinke þat ȝonge wole go þe fro,
92 Be þou neuere so greet of miȝt.

When age takes
thee, thou wilt
think it best to
turn again.

Whanne age haþ take þee bi þe bræst,
And for febilnes þou myȝt not se,
þin herte seiþ þanne þat it is best
96 For to seiþ & synge reuertere.

Holy Writ says
that a request too
long delayed will
be refused.

But in holi writt we fynde
If þou þi lord schulde ouȝt aske a þing,
For þi longe beinge bihinde,
100 Aȝenseid art þou of þin askinge.

In youth thou
didst wild out-
rage and forgot-
test *Reuertere.*

¶ While þou were ȝonge, in tendre age,
Of þin askinge þou were ful free
In ydilnes & wilde outrage ;
104 þanne was forȝete reuertere.

Let every-one
think how short a
time he shall be
here.

[1 Page 66.]

Cocks crow when
midnight comes.
Man knows not his
time if he cannot
say *Reuertere.*

Perfore euery man biþinke him weel
How litil while is his dwellynge ;
As holy writt yt dooþ telle,
108 He schal not ' knowe with-oute lesinge.

¶ A cok can crowe his tyme mydnyȝt,
Which he knowith weel in his degre :
But his tyme he knowith not ariȝt
112 þat can weel neuere seiþ reuertere.

Think, then, man,
that there is no
so poor wretch as
thou.

Therfore be þou in certain, man,
While þou muste knowe how ;
Biþinke þi silf how þou art þan ;
116 Noon so poore a wrecche as þou !

Pray we all to
God to grant ever-
lasting bliss to all
who can say
' *Turn again.*'

¶ þerfore praye we to heuene king,
Euery man in his degree,
To graunte them þe blis euerlastinge
120 þat þis word weel kan seiþ, reuertere.

Merci Passiþ Riþtwisnes.

(A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SINNER AND MERCY.)

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., pages 66 to 73 ;
written without breaks.*]

- B**I a forest as y gan walke
 With-out a paleys in a leye,
 I herde two men togidre talke ;
 4 I pouȝte to wite what þei wolde seie.
 ¶ þat oon stood in a doolful aray,
 Hise deedli synnis he gan to defie,
 "Alas," he seide, me dreediþ to-day
 8 þat riȝt wole forþ, & no mercye."
 ¶ þanne answeride merci with sobir 'cheer,
 "Man, me þinkip þi witt is bare ;
 If þou wolt, y schal þee leer,
 12 þee neediþ not to moorne so sare.
 ¶ I rede þee to foonde to ameende þi fare ;
 Go euery day & heere a messe,
 And schryue þee cleene, & haue noo care,
 16 For mercy passiþ riȝtwisnes."
 ¶ þanne seide þe synner with angri mood,
 "Man, me þenkist² þou docst raue ;
 I woot weel þou canst no good,
 20 þou barist neuere staat but as a knawe.

As I walked I

heard two men
talking.

One was very sad,
fearing that Right
would be done,
without Mercy.

[1 Page 67]
But Mercy said,
Man, you

need not mourn.

Amend your
ways, hear Mass
daily, be shriven,
and fear not,
Mercy passe'th
Righteousness,

The Sinner
answered, Thou
ravest :
[²for þenkip]

as I deserue, so
shall I haue ;

¶ As y deserue, so schal y haue ;
Weel bittirli y schal a-bie ;
I knowe noon helpe þat me schulde haue,
But þat riȝt schal forþ, and no mercie."

Right, not Mercy. 24

Mercy.
If thou wilt give
up thy sin,

¶ þanne seide mercye meeke & mylde,
" If þou wolt fro þi synnes drawe,
þouȝ þou speke þese wordis wilde,
28 To helpe þee ȝit I wolde be fawe.

love God and
repent,
[1 Page 66.]
He is over the
law :
His Mercy ex-
ceeds His Justice.

¶ Loue weel god, þat is my sawe,
Repente þee blyue of ' al þi mys ;
Almyȝti god is ouer þe lawe,
32 His merci passiþ his riȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.
[2 or foonued.]

I never willingly
did a good deed ;

" Seie me," quod þe synner, " þou foonued ² clerk.
þou coudist neuere rede in no spel ;
I wrouȝte wilfulli neuere good werk ;
36 What riȝt haue y in heuen to dwelle ?

I deserve hell ;

my wicked deede
will kill me.
Right, and no
Mercy, on me.

¶ I haue deserued to go to helle,
And þefore ofte sore sike y ;
My wickid dedis wole me quelle,
40 þere riȝt schal forþ, and no mercye."

Mercy.

God shed His
blood for thee and
me,

¶ Merci seide " þou canst no good ;
God schewiþ þee kyndenes many foolde,
For þee & me he schedde his blood,
44 And suffride woundis bittir & colde.

and bought us
with his flesh.

Thy soul is His.
He will haue
mercy.

¶ His fair body to þe iewis was solde
To bie oure synful soulis to blis ;
þi soule is his, y myȝt be bolde ;
48 His merci passiþ his ryȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.

I know God is
good and true,
and loves Truth.

¶ " Forsoþe," quod þe synner, " þat leue y weel,
þat he is boþe good & kynde,
And þerto trewer þan ony steel ;
52 þat he loueþ truþe weel schal y fynde.

¶ How myzt god me of care vnbinde
 Sipeu god louep troupe so verrili ?
 Do way, mercy, pou spillist myche winde,
 56 For rijt schal forþ, & no mercy."

[Page 69.]
 How then shall
 He free me ?
 Right will pre-
 vail, not Mercy.

¶ Merci seide, "woldist pou god knowe,
 And wiþ good entent mercy calle,
 And to him meekeli þee abowe,
 60 þan schal neuere myscheef in þee falle.
 ¶ þouȝ pou haddist do þe synnis alle,
 And pou crie mercy for al þi mys,
 And with good herte on him to calle,
 64 þan wole his mercy passe rijtwisnes."

Mercy.
 If thou wilt really
 pray for mercy,
 though thou hast
 sinned all the
 sins,
 God's Mercy will
 exceed His
 Justice.

¶ "What," quod þe synner, "y trowe pou raue ;
 Canst pou neuere of þi pletinge blynne ?
 þe deucl bad ne neuere mercy craue,
 68 And he can more clergie þan al þi kynne ;
 ¶ And he him silf is ful of synne,
 And ȝit wole he neuere mercy crie :
 I coueite neuere heuen to wynne
 72 While rijt schal forþ, & no mercie."

The Sinner.
 Nonsense! The
 Devil bad me
 never ask mercy ;
 and he knows
 more than thou.
 He is full of sin,
 and never asks
 mercy ;
 Justice will
 prevail.

¶ Merci seide "y preue bi skile,
 Witt is nouȝt worþ, but grace be souȝt ;
 þe deucl 'Hap clergie & witt at wille,
 76 And euere he settiþ it foule at nouȝt :
 ¶ He fil in wanhope as him neuere rouȝte,
 * þoruȝ pride in heuen he loste his blis ;
 Hadde he oonys grace bisouȝte,
 80 Merci hadde passid rijtwisnes."

Mercy.
 The devil's wit is
 no good without
 grace.
 [1 Page 70.]
 He fell into de-
 spair when he
 lost heaven.
 Had he sought
 grace he'd have
 had Mercy.

¶ Whanne þe synner herd þis, he sized sore,
 With rewful cheer greet dool he made,
 And seide, "of þee wole y lerne more ;
 84 þan is the deucl fals and bad,
 ¶ For if he myȝte merci haue had,

The Sinner.
 I'll learn of thee.
 The devil must be
 bad if he might
 have had mercy.

He needs be sorry
who gets Right
and not Mercy.

MS. transposes
riȝtwisnes and
mercy.]

88

A þousand siþis y him defie;
He may be sory & no-þing glad
þat schal haue 'riȝtwisnes & no mercy."

Mercy.

Dear brother,
give up the devil,
who would send
you to hell.

92

Mercy biheeld þat semeli goost,
And seide, "leue broþer, forsake þe feend,
For he wolde fayn þi soule were lost,
To dwelle in helle without eend.

Pray for grace,
God will send it,
and thy soul will
go to heaven.

96

¶ Biseche now grace, & god wole sende
And þou wolt do as y þee wijs,
And þan þi soule to heuen schal wende,
þere merci passiþ riȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.

[Page 71.]

My past life is
worthless;
I will serve God;
may He keep me
from sin.

100

"**A**las," quod þe synner, "al my lijf y rue,
For it is no þing as y wende;
To serue god y wole be trewe
If ony grace he wole me sende."

I defy the false
fiend who promis-
ed me Right, not
Mercy.

104

¶ Of al wickidnes he me defende!
þe fals feend, y him defie;
He wolde no þing þat y didde meende,
þat biheet me riȝt & no mercie."

Mercy.

Do so, and re-
joice. Be sorry
for thy sin, be
shriven, do
penance, and

108

Merci seide "if þou wolt so,
þou myȝt be glad al þi lijf,
And for þi synne þou maist be woo,
And to a preest cleene þee schriue,

repent: Thou
shalt know that
Mercy passes
Justice.

112

¶ And take penaunce without strijf,
Repentyng þee of al þi mys,
þan bi þi witt þou maist knowe rijf
þat merci passiþ riȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.

No penance is
enough for me:
not being buried
alive.

116

"**A**las," quod the synner, y haue lyued wrong!
What penaunce were y worpi to haue?
þer may no man sette me to strong
þouȝ y were quicke doluen on graue.

¶ A! almiȝty god, *mercy* I craue,
 Now lete my flesche my synnis abie!
 Graciose crist! my soule þou haue,
 120 For riȝt is nouȝt wiþout *mercie*."

Ah God! have
mercy. Christ,
 take my soul.

[Page 72.]

Mercy seide, "ful weel þou woost,
 As þou hast often herd sayen,
 What man is founde þat was lost,
 124 Wiþ him is crist plesid & fayn.
 ¶ What nede had *crist* to suffre payne
 But for to bie oure soulis to blis?
 Telle me þi lijf heere al playn,
 128 þat *mercy* may passe riȝtwisnes."

Mercy.

Christ rejoices
 over the lost
 sinner who is
 found.

Tell me all thy
 sins.

"**M**y fyue wittis y haue mys spende
 þoruȝ pride, enuie, & lecherie:
 To þe ten heestis y haue not tende
 132 þoruȝ slouþe, wrapþe, & glotenie.
 ¶ In coueitise lyued haue y,
 And neuere dide werkis of *mercy*es;
 God! ȝeue me grace or þat y die!
 136 þi *merci* may passe riȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.
 I have mispent
 my Five Senses;
 disobeyed the
 Ten Command-
 ments; lived in
 covetousness, and
 done no good
 works.

God, let thy
Mercy pass thy
 Justice.

Merci ȝaf him penaunce stronge,
 And seide "man, wolt þou þis take?
 þou muste suffre boþe riȝt and wrong;
 140 If þou þi synne wolt forsake,
 ¶ In good praiers þou muste wake,
 And neuere wilne to do a-mys;
 And for þi sorewe þat þou doost make,
 144 *Merci* schal passe riȝtwisnes."

Mercy.

Do this penance:
 Suffer, and for-
 sake thy sin.

Watch and pray.
 Never will to sin.
 [1 Page 73.]
 Then *Mercy*
 shall exceed
 Justice.

Þe synner took penaunce wiþ good entent,
 And lefte al his wickid synne;
 Whanne he hadde leeuē, away he went

The sinner for-
 scok his sins,

and all his
friends;
did great penance,
and no sin wil-
fully.
He trusted to
God to bring him
to heaven.

148

From alle his freendis, kīp & kynne.

¶ In greet penaunce he putte him inne,
And neuere aftir wilfulli dide mys;

He truste on god heuen to wynne,

152

þere mercy passīȝ riȝtwijsnes.

Lord! give us
grace, and be
merciful to us.

Almiȝti god! now make us stable,

And ȝeue us grace weel to spede,

And to us alle bee merciable,

156

And forȝeue us alle oure mysdede.

Mary, guide our
souls to thy Son,

¶ And helpe us, ladi, att oure moost nede,

To þi sone oure soulis þou wys,

And with his mercy fulli us fede

where Mercy pre-
vails over Justice.

160

þere mercy passīȝ riȝtwijsnes. A-M-E-N.

[“As resoun rewliȝ,” or “Filius Regis Mortuus est,” follows.
It is printed in *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, p. 205, &c.]

The Belief.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 39 ; written
without breaks.*]

¶ **Memento homo quod cinis es, et in cinerem reuerteris.** Remember, man,
that thou art dust.

¶ **Fac bene dum uiuis. Post mortem uiuere si uis.** Do well while
thou livest.

¶ **Tangere qui gaudet. meretricem qualiter audet.** How does he who
delights to touch
a harlot, dare to

Palms pollutis. regem tractare salutis.

Credo in deum patrem omnipotentem.

handle the King
of Salvation with
polluted hands.

IN þee, god fadir, I bileeue,
þe firste persooone ful of myȝt,
þat al of nouȝt hast maad to meeue,
4 . boþe heuen & erþe, day & nyȝt.

I believe in God
the Father,

¶ And in þin ononly goten sone,
Born of þi silf bifor al þing,
Oure lord *iherus*, þe secunde persooone,
8 Bothe oo god in heuen beinge.

and in His only
begotten Son,

Jesu Christ,
one with God,

¶ þe same god þat euere haþ ben,
And siþen conceyued bi þe holi goost,
And born of a mayden cleene,
12 Bicause a man in meekenes moost.

conceived by the
Holy Ghost, and
born of a pure
virgin,

[Page 40.]

¶ And riȝt as in þe trynyte
Ben persooones þre, substauncis but oon,
Riȝt so in þee ben substauncis þre,
16 God, soule, bodi, & al oon persooone.

(of three sub-
stances, God, soul,
body)

who suffered
under Pontius
Pilate, was
crucified,

and buried,

¶ Undir pilate þou suffridist payne
Bi fre wil, mankinde to saue,
Nailid on a croos, & þeron slain,
20 And taken doun & biried in graue.

descended into
hell,

but rose again
the third day,

¶ In soule oonli þou wente to helle,
& took þens þi part, it was good riȝt,
But up þou roos in fleisch and in felle
24 þe þrid day bi godli myȝt.

ascended into
heaven,

¶ þou stiȝ to heuen in þi manhede,
And þere þou sittist on þi fadir riȝt side,
But ouer al-where is þi godhede,
28 þere is noon þat from þee him may hide.

whence He shall
come to iudge
both quick and
dead,

¶ þens schalt þou come us alle to deeme,
Boþe quik and dede of adams seed.
With opene woundis & visage breme;
32 þis bileue makip true men drede.

[1 Page 41.]
I believe in the
Holy Ghost,

¶ I bileue in þe holi 'goost,
þe þridde persooone in trynȝte,
Of which þe noon is more ne moost,
36 But al oon god in persooones þe.

who makes Holy
Church, by faith-
ful men giving
each to other
what each can.

¶ þe holi goost makip holi chirche
Of feipful men, bi comynȝne
Ech oon to opir what þei kuzne worche
40 In holines and good lyuyng.

I believe in the
Forgiveness of
Sins (through the
Sacrament),

¶ Forȝeeuenes y bileue of synne
Bi þe holi goost and þe sacrament,
If y maye goostli to hem wyne,
44 Or ellis him silfe is euere present.

¶ þouȝ he neuere so present be,
ȝit he wole for ful meekenes

þat y do þerto þat is in me,
 48 Lest contempt lette me of forþeuenes.

¶ Also y bileue in hool mynde,
 þe holi goost schalle knytte aȝen
 þe soule to þe fleische of al mankinde ;
 52 For al fleish schal ryse þat deef hath slayn.

and that the Holy
 Ghost shall knit
 again all men's
 souls to their
 flesh on their
 resurrection,

¶ þe holi goost schal ȝeue also
 Euerlastynge lijf to alle true men.
 þat we may heere serue þer-to,
 56 ¶ Y rede we seie alle, amen.

and shall give
 everlasting life to
 all true men.

[*The Sixteen Points of Charity*, or "Man, among þi myrþis,"
 printed p. 114, below, follows here in the MS.]

The Ten Commandments.

*also in MS. Harley 665, fol. 90
(cf. Zuppa, Archiv. 85, p. 45).*

[*Lambeth MS. 1853, ab. 430 A.D., page 47 ; written
without breaks.*]

Every one should
teach his children
these, and keep
them himself.

EUery man schulde teche þis lore
To hise children *with* good entent,
And do it him-silf euermore,
4 To kepe weel goddis comaundement.

I. Have no false
gods. Worship
God Almighty.

¶ Fals goddis þou schalt noon haue,
But worschipe god omnipotent ;
Make not þi god þat man hap graue :
8 þis is þe firste comaundement.

II. Take not
God's name in
vain. Swear by
no created thing.

¶ Goddis name in ydil take þou not,
For if þou do þou schalt be scheent ;
Swere bi no þing þat god hap wrouȝt :
12 þis is þe secunde comaundement.

III. Hallow the
Holy Day.

¶ Haue mynde to helewe þin holi day,
þou & alle þine *with* good entent ;
Leue seruile werkis & nyce aray :
16 þis is þe þridde comaundement.

IV. Honour thy
Father and
Mother.

[¹ Page 41.]

¶ Worschipe þi fadir & þi modir boþe,—
þat longe lijf to þee be lent,—
With meete ¹and drink, coumfort & cloþe :
20 þis is þe iiij^e comaundement.

V. Kill no man,

¶ Sle no man *with* yuel wille,
Ensaumple, or tunge, or strokis dent ;

- But euermore do good for ille :
 24 þis is þe fifthe comaundement. But do good for ill.
- ¶ Do no lecherie in al þi lijf ;
 Lete fleischeli knowynge from þee be lent
 Saue oonli bi-twene man & wijf :
 28 þis is þe sixte comaundement. VI. Commit not
 adultery or
 fornication.
- ¶ þou schalt not stele no maner of þing,
 Ne helpe þerto bi no consent.
 Leue alle fals mesuris & al gilinge :
 32 þis is þe .vij. comaundement. VII. Steal not.
 Use no deceit.
- ¶ þou schalt beere no fals witnes
 For no mater þat may be ment ;
 Seie euere þe soþe, or holde þi pees :
 36 þis is þe .viij. comaundement. VIII. Bear no
 false witness.
- ¶ þou schalt not coueite þi neiȝboris good,
 As hous, lond, catel, ne rent,
 In hindringe of him & of his blood :
 40 þis is þe .ix. comaundement. IX. Covet not
 thy neighbour's
 goods.
- ¶ þou schalt not desire þi neiȝboris feere,
 Ne falsli his seruauant from him hent,
 Ne no good þat he hath heere :
 44 þis is þe .x. comaundement. X. Covet not thy
 neighbour's wife ;
 take not his
 servant or goods
 falsely.
 [1 Page 49.]
- ¶ þese ten to kepe, þou ȝeue us grace
 þat on þe roode was al to-rent,
 In-to his blis þat we mowe passe
 48 At þe laste day of Iugement. Christ, give us
 grace to keep
 these Ten
 that we may
 pass to bliss.

[“ I Warne eche lijf,” p. 107, &c., of this print, follows here in the MS.]

Kepe Wel Cristes Comaundement.

[*Vernon MS., ab. 1370 A.D., fol. 408 b., col. 1.*
Printed here for comparison' sake, with the metrical
points, but no stops.]

- I** warne vche leod. þat liueþ in londe.
 And do hem dredles. out of were.
 þat þei most studie. and vnderstonde.
- 4 þe lawe of crist. to loue and lere.
 þer nis no mon. fer ne nere.
 þat may him seluen. saue vn-schent.
 But he þat casteth. wiþ concience clere.
- 8 To kepe. wel. Cristes Comaundement.
- þow most haue o God. and no mo.
 And serue him boþe. with mayn and miht.
 And ouer alle þinges. loue him also.
- 12 For he haþ lant þa. lyf and liht.
 3if þou beo nuyzed. day or niht.
 In peyne be meke. and pacient.
 And rule þe ay. be reson riht.
- 16 And kep wel. Cristes Comaundement.
- ¶ And let þi neiȝhebor. frend and fo.
 Riht frely. of þi frendschupe fele.
 In herte. þat þou wilne hem so.
- 20 Riht as þou woldest. þi self weore wele.
 And help to sauen hem. from vncele.
 So þat heore soules. beo not schent.
 And also heore care. þou helpe to kele.
- 24 And kepe wel. Cristes comaundement.

Kepe Weel Cristis Comaundement.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 49; written without breaks.*]

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>I Warne eche lijf pat liueþ in lond
 And do him dredlees out of were,
 þat he must studie & vndirstonde
 4 þe lawe of god to loue & lere.
 ¶ For þere is no man feer ne neer
 þat may him sillfe saue vnschent
 But he þat castiþ him with conscience clere
 8 To kepe weel cristis comaundement.</p> | <p>Every man must
 take care to love
 the Law of God.</p>

<p>Only he can be
 saved who gives
 himself to keep
 Christ's
 Commandments.</p> |
| <p>Thou schalt haue oon god & no mo,
 And serue him boþe wlp mayn & myzt,
 And ouer al þing loue him also,
 12 For he haþ lent þee lijf & lizt.
 ¶ If þou be noied bi day or nyzt,
 In peyne be meeke & pacient,
 And rewle þee ay bi resoun riht,
 16 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.</p> | <p>I. Thou shalt
 haue one God,</p>

<p>and love Him
 above every-
 thing.</p>

<p>Be patient in
 suffering.</p> |
| <p>Lete þi neize-¹boris, boþe freend & fo,
 Frelf of þi freendschip feele;
 In herte wilne þou hem also
 20 Riht as þou woldist þi silf were wele.
 ¶ Helpe to saue hem from vnsele
 Sc þat her soulis ben not schent,
 And her care þou helpe to kele,
 24 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.</p> | <p>[Page 50.]
 Love thy
 neighbour as
 thyself;</p>

<p>and help to save
 him from all ill.</p> |

- ¶ In Idel. Godes nome tak þou nouzt.
 But cese. and saue þe from þat synne.
 Swere bi no þing. þat God hap wrouht.
 28 Be war. his wrappe. lest þou hit wynne.
 But bisy þe her. bale to blynne.
 þat blaberyng are wiþ opes blent.
 Vncoupe *and* knowen. *and* of þi kynne.
 32 And kep wel. cristes comaundement.

- ¶ In clannes and in cristes werk.
 Haue mynde. to holden þin haly day..
 And drauh þe þenne. from dedes derk.
 36 Wiþ al þi meyne. Mon and may.
 And men vnsauzte. loke þou assay.
 To sauzten hem þenne. at on assent.
 And pore and seke. þou plese *and* pay.
 40 And kepe wel cristes Comaundement.

- ¶ þi Fader þi Moder. þou worschupe boþe.
 3if þou wolt boteles. bale escheuwe.
 With counseil cum-forte hem. *with* mete *and*
 cloþe.
 44 As þou sest. hem neodeþ newe.
 And 3if þei talke of tales vn-trewe.
 þou torn hem out. of þat entent.
 And cristes lawe. help þat þei knewe.
 48 And kep wel cristes. Comaundement.

- ¶ Sle no mon. wiþ wikked wille.
 Be war. and vengeaunce tak þou non.
 In word. ne dede. loude. ne stille.
 52 Bakbyte þou no mon. blod ny bon.
 But ay let gabbynges. glyde and gon.
 A-wey wher þei wol. glace. or glent.
 And help þat alle men ben aton.
 56 And kep wel cristes comaundement.

- G**oddiss name in ydil take þou nouzt,
 But ceesse & saue þee from þat synne ;
 Swere bi no þing þat god haþ wrouzt,
 28 Be waar his wrappe lest þou so wynne .
 ¶ But bisie þee euere her bale to blinne
 þat wiþ blaberinge oopis ben blent,
 Vncouþe & knowen of þi kynne ;
 32 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

II. Take not
 God's name in
 vain.

Swear by no
 thing that God
 has made,

but keep from the
 bale of blabbering
 oath-swearers.

- I**n clennes and in cristis werk
 Haue mynde to halowe þin holi daye,
 And drawe þee þanne from dedis derk
 36 Wiþ al þi meyne, man & may.
 ¶ Men vnsoft, loke þou asay
 To soften 'them to good assent,
 Helpe poore and sike to please & pay,
 40 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

III. Hallow thy
 Holy Day, with

all thy household.

Try to soften
 unsoft men,
 [1 Page 51.]
 and to help the
 poor and sick.

- Þ**i fadir & modir worschipe hoþe—
 If þou wolt botelees bale eschewe—
 With councelle, coumforte, meete & cloþe,
 44 As þou seest þat hem nedih newe.
 ¶ And if þei talke of wordis vntrewe,
 þou turne hem out of þat entent,
 And cristis lawe helpe þat þei knew,
 48 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

IV. Honour thy
 Father and
 Mother with
 counsel, food, and
 clothes.

Turn them from
 untrue words, and
 help them to
 know Christ's
 law.

- S**le no man with wickid wille ;
 Be waar, of veniaunce take þou noon ;
 Eerli ne late, lowde ne stille,
 52 Bacbite no man, blood ne boon,
 ¶ But lete euere gabbing glide & goon
 Away, wheþer it wole glase or glent ;
 And helpe þat alle men were at oone,
 56 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

V. Slay no man :
 take no venge-
 ance.

Backbite no one,
 but let gabbing
 go by.

Help on peace.

¶ Stele þou nouȝt. þi neiȝebors þing.
 Nouȝur wiȝ stillenes. ne wiȝ strif.
 Nor *with* no maner. wrong getyng.
 60 þi self þi seruauȝt. child. ne wyf.
 To sulle *and* buye. ȝif þou be ryf.
 Wayte al way. þat wrong be went.
 As þou wolt lyue. þe lastyng lyf.
 64 þou kepe wel. cristes comaundement.

[Col. 2.]

Fals witnesse. loke þow non bere.
 ȝif þow wolt. in blisse a-byde.
 þi neiȝebore. wityngly to dère.
 68 Ne no mon nouȝer. in no syde.
 But loke þat no mon. be a nuyȝed.
 And þou may him. from harmes hent.
 And help þat falshede. beo distruiet.
 72 And kep wel. cristes comaundement.

¶ Sunge þou not. in lecheria.
 Such lust vn leueful. let hit pas.
 Consente þou not. to such folye.
 76 þat founden is so foul trespas.
 And loka. þat nouȝer more ne las.
 þi lykyng. on þat lust be lent.
 Leste þou synge. þis songe alas.
 80 For brekyng. of cristes comaundement.

¶ þi neiȝebors wyf. coueyte þou nouȝt.
 Vnleuefully. a-ȝeynes þe lawe.
 Wiȝ hire to sunge. in word ne pouȝt.
 84 And from þat deede. euer þou þe drawe.
 And neuer sey. to hire no sawe.
 To make hire. to synne assent.
 Ne plese hire not. *with* no mis plawe.
 88 But kep wel. cristes comaundement.

- S**ynne þou not in leccherie ;
 Such lust vnleefful, lete it passe ;
 Consente þou not to þat folie
 60 þat founden it is so 'foule a trespase.
 ¶ And loke þou, neiþer more ne lasse
 þi likinge on þat lust be lent,
 Lest þou singe þis song ' alas
 64 For brekinge of cristis comaundement.'

VI. Sin not in
 Lechery and
 unlawful lust;

[Page 52.]
 set not thy lik-
 ing on it

lest thou repent it.

- S**tele þou nouȝt of þi neiȝboris þing
 Neiþer wiþ stilnes ne with strijf,
 Ne with no maner of wrong geetyng,
 68 þi silf, þi seruauȝt, child, ne wiȝf.
 ¶ To hie & sille if þou be riȝfe,
 Loke euere þat wrong away be went :
 If þou wolt han euerlastinge liȝf,
 72 Kepe weel cristis comaundement.

VII. Steal no-
 thing of thy
 neighbour's.

Cheat not in
 buying and
 selling.

- F**als witnes, loke þat þou noon bare ;
 If þou wolt in blis a-bide,
 þi neiȝbore wilfulli þou ne dere,
 76 Ne noon þat woneȝ þee biside ;
 ¶ But loke þat no man be anoiȝd
 If þou may him from harmes hent,
 And helpe þat falshede were distroied,
 80 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

VIII. Bear no
 false witness.
 Injure not thy
 neighbour,
 but keep every
 one from harm.
 Help to destroy
 falsehood.

- Þ**i neiȝboris wiȝf coueite þou nouȝt
 Vnleeffulli aȝens þe lawe
 Wiþ hir to synne in dede or þouȝt,
 84 But from þe dede euere þou drawe,
 ¶ And ceesse, & seie to hir no sawe
 To make hir for to synne assent,
 Ne please hir not with no nyce plawe,
 88 But kepe weel cristis comaundement.

IX. Covet not thy
 neighbour's wife,
 [Page 53.]

and say and do
 nothing to make
 her assent to sin.

¶ þi neiȝhebers hous. wenche ne knaue.
Vnskilfully. coueyte þou nouht.

- Ne ȝit his good. with wrong to haue.
92 For hit. lest þou to bale be brouht.
For whon þe soþe. schal vp be souht.
ȝif þou in to þis sunnes assent.
Ful bitterly. hit mot be bouȝt.
96 For brekyng of cristes. Comaundement.

- ¶ Vche mon þat wol. þis lessun lere.
And loueþ. a laweful lyf. to lede.
He may not misse. on none manere.
100 þe merþe of heuene. to his mede.
For crist him here. wol helpe *and* hede.
And heþene. in to heuene hent.
For þi I. preye. þat crist vs spede.
104 Kuyndely to kepe. his comaundement.

- T**hi neiȝboris hous, wenche, ne knawe,
 Vnleeffulli coueite þou nouȝt,
 Ne opir good, wrong to haue,
 92 Lest þou for it to bale be brouȝt.
 ¶ For whazne þe soope schal be up souȝt,
 If þou to þis synne assent,
 Ful bittirli it schal be bouȝt
 96 For brekinge of *cristis* comaundement.
- E**ch man þat wole þis lessoun lere,
 And loueþ a lawful lijf to lede,
 He ne may mys on no manere
 100 þe myrþis of heuen to haue to meede;
 ¶ For crist wole him heere helpe at nede,
 For from hens to heuene be wole him hent,
 For-þi praie we þat crist us spede
 104 Kindeli to kepe his comaundement. Amen.
- Covet not thy
 neighbour's
 house, maid, or
 man,
 for at the Last
 Day thou shalt
 pay bitterly for it.
- No man who
 learns this lesson
 can miss the joys
 of heaven,
 for Christ will
 take him there.
 Let us pray Him
 that we may keep
 His Command-
 ments.

["There is no creatour but oon," printed pp. 18-21, follows here in the MS.]

The Sixtene Poyntis of Charite.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 42; written without breaks, except lines 6-12, 21-4.*]

Man, remember
whence thou
camest, and
whither thou
goest,

and that hereafter
thou may'st see
thy Lord as His
chosen child in
Charity.

Man's highest
task is to live a
just life.

God told St Paul

in the third
heaven the 16
poyns of Charity.

Though I speak
with angels'
tongues, and have
not Charity, I am
but as a brasen
cymbal.

[Page 42.]
And though I can
move mountains,
I am worthless if
I want Charity.

MAn, among þi myrþis haue in mynde
From whens þou come & whidir þou teendis,
How freelli þou fallist & filist þi kinde !

- 4 Arise & make of þi mys ameendis,
¶ þat of þis world whanne þou out wendis,
þou maist in heuene þi lord god se
Among hise apostolis & dere freendis
8 As a chosen child in charitee.

- T**he hizest lessoun þat man may lere
Is to lyue iust lijf, if þou wolt loke,
Yf þou haue grace to holde & heere,
12 Is playnli printid in poulis booke.
¶ For god to poul þis lessoun tooke
in þe þridde heuen, hizest of þre,
Euery man to cunne & looke
16 þe sixtene propirtees of charitee.

- '**T**houz y speke,' seiþ seint poule,
'As aungils doon, or with mennis tunge,
If charite be not in þi soule,
20 I am but as a brasen sýmbal song.
¶ And þouz my bileue be neuere so strong
So þat mounteyns be meued bi feiþ of me,
I am not worthi to god so longe
24 As me wantiþ charite.

- T**houȝ y to poore men ȝeue al my good,
 And my bodi to brenne *þere* hoot fier ys,
And charite be not in my mood,
 28 It profitiþ me not to heuen blis.
 ¶ But for god wolde it schulde not mys
 To knowe in charite whanne we be,
 He tauȝte poul to teche al his
 32 *þe* .xvj. Poyntis of charite.

And though I
 give my body to
 be burned, and
 have not Charity,
 it profits nothing.

God told Paul to
 teach his disci-
 ples the 16
 points of Charity.

- ‘Charite,’ he seiþ, ‘is pacient,
 Alle disesis meekli suffringe,
 Benigne also in hir entent,
 36 Kindelid *with* fier of good lyuyng;
 ¶ Neuere enuyose for ony þing
 To freend ne foo, whepir it be,
 But euere glad to goddis plesing
 40 To cherische alle men in charitee.

1. Charity is
 patient, and

2. Benign,

3. Never envious,

- C**harite dooþ neuere wickidli
 Bi purpos of wil, ne wickid dede,
 Ne blowen ¹is *with* pride þouȝ sche be welþi,
 44 For to greue god is hir moost drede;
 ¶ For in helle depe schal be her meede,
 A low wiþ lucifir for to be
 þat for blynde pride wole take noon hede
 48 lowli to lyue in charite.

4. Never does
 wickedly,
 5. Is not puffed
¹ [Page 44.]
 up with pride,

- C**harite is not coueitose toold
 Of worschipe ne of wronge wynnynge,
 For wiþ ypocritis sche may not holde,
 52 Ne consente *with* wrong getyng.
 ¶ Sche sechiþ not hir owne þing
 for hindringe of neiȝboris þat myȝte be,
 For manye perels ben in pletyng
 56 þat acorden not *with* charitee.

6. Desires no
 honour or wrong
 gains,

7. Seeketh not her
 own,

8. Is not easly
provoked,

Charitee wole no ping be wroop
For harmes pat hir silf may hent,
But for to synne, al oonli is hir loop,
60 Azens goddis comaundement.
¶ Charitee penkiþ noon yuel in hir entent,
But stintiþ strijf, & stoondiþ free ;
Al yuel wil, it wolde were went,
64 And chaungid al for charite.

[Page 45.]

10. Rejoiceth not
in iniquity, but

Of wickidnes charite is not glad,
Bi lauþter ne bi no likinge,
But euere sobre, soft, & sad,
68 In pouzt, in word, & in worching.
¶ To riht & troupe is hir ioiying,
To maynteine truþe where-euere sche be,
With feiþful and true folk Is hir dwelling,
72 For suche ben chosen in charite.

12. Charity
beareth all things,

Alle pingis sche beriþ vp meekeli,
For al hir wronge schal turne to game ;
Sche falliþ not vnder for vilonye,
76 For los, for sijknes, ne for schame.
¶ Alle pingis sche trowiþ wiþ-out fame
þat goddis lawe techiþ truþe to be,
And bidiþ þerbi for ony blame,
80 For suche ben children of charitee.

13. Believeth all
things,

Alle pingis sche hopiþ to haue in blis ;
For suche sche suffriþ & serueþ heere ;
For of mercy sche may not mys
84 þat þis lesson wole loue & lere.
¶ Sche abidiþ alle pingis wiþ good chere
þouþ sche pinke longe þe eende to se,
For of reward sche hap 'no were
88 þat þus abidiþ in charite.

14. Hopeth all
things,

15. Endureth all
things.

[1 Page 46.]

Charite falliþ neuere a-way
 From him þat it in charite wole holde,
 Bifore ne aftir domys day,
 92 But encresip in blis an hundrid folde.
 ¶ Whanne al tresour is tried & tolde,
 Al help to blis is in þese þre,
 Feiþ, hope, & charite, noþing colde ;
 96 þe mooste of hem is charite.'

16. Charity never
 falleth.

All help to bliss
 is in these three:
 Faith, hope,
 charity :
 and the greatest
 of these is
 charity.

Bi charite, man, þou must loue more
 God þan silf, þe soop to say,
 For þis is þe lord-is owne lore,
 100 With al þi power him please & pay ;
 ¶ Thi neigbore also, wiþ-oute nay,
 Loue as þi silf saaf to bee ;
 To freend & fo holde faste þi fay,
 104 And chaunge þou neuere fro charite.

It makes thee
 love God above
 thyself,

and thy neighbour
 as thyself.

If we þis lessoun we loue & leere,
 And take it truli to oure entent,
 We schulen haue knowinge good & cleere
 108 Who ben blamelees & who ben schent.
 God, þat hast us oure lijf lent,
 Graunte þat we may oure ' silf to enserche
 & se,
 As þou for us on roode were rent,
 112 þou chese us to þee for charite. A-M-E-N.

If we learn this
 lesson, we shall
 know who will be
 blessed and who
 punished.

God grant that
 [1 Page 47.]

Christ may choose
 us, for His love.

["Euery man schulde teche þis lore," printed p. 104-5, follows
 here in the MS.]

Quindecim Signa ante diem Iudicij.

[*MS. B. 11. 24, Trinity College, Cambridge ;
ab. 1450, A.D.*]

Lord of Heaven,
have mercy on us !

I will tell of the
xv. Signs before
Doomsday.

I. Rain shall fall,
bitter as gall,

red as blood,

and overwhelm
the whole world,

and terrify chil-
dren unborn.

II. The Stars
shall fall from
heaven.

- Kynge of grace, & ful of pyte,
Lord of heuyn, I-blyssyd þou be !
Haue mercy on vs, we the beseche,
4 Or we lese our wytt & speche !
xv. tokenys telle I may
That shal come before doomys day,
As it is seyde yn the prophecy,
8 In the book of Jeremye.
Herkenyth now þe tokenynge
That þe firste day shal brynge :
Fro heuyn shal a rayne falle,
12 Hit shal be byttyr as eny galle,
Hytt shall be as red as any blod,
Ouyr all þe worlle a grymly flod ;
Hytt schalle ouergo wyth large mett
16 Alle that ys in erth I-sett :
The chylderyn vn-born Aferd shall be
Of thys tokenynge, as I telle the,
And meue hem tyll our Syth
20 Ryth as þey speke myth.
The secunde day ys stronge with alle :
The sterrys shal fro heuyn falle,
So dredfulle and so breyth
24 As the fyre off þe dondyr lyth.

- Men schalle say, "welle-away !
 Thys ben the tokenys off domys day !"
 They schall cry & syke sore,
- 28 And say, "lord, mercy, thyn ore!"
 The ii^{de} day ys off syche :
 In erthe and in heuyn-ryche
 The hye son thatt ys so bryth,
- 32 So fayr, and so full off lyth,
 Hitt shalle be swarte as any pyche :
 Alle thatt shall be rewlyche.
 Men schalle þen sone se
- 36 Att mydday hytt shalle swarte be ;
 All thatt ben on lyve
 Schalle thys wordys dryve.
 "Alas thatt we scholle Abyde
- 40 To se þis sorowe in Euery syde !"
 The iiij^{de} day ys swythe longe,
 With wepynge & wyth sorow Amonge :
 All þat in erthe stonde
- 44 Schall to red blod wende ;
 They schalle drawe hem to þe grownde,
 Ther schalle they dwelle butt no stownde,
 To the see þey schalle for drede,
- 48 Ryth as moyses the prophytt sayde,
 Thatt the mone schalle rewly falle
 And wynd outt of hys reche stalle.
 The man schalle say to hys wyff
- 52 "Alas þatt we be nowe Alyve !"
 The v^{de} day comyth swythe ;
 For euery best þatt ys on lyve,
 Toward heuyn her hedd schall holde.
- 56 For thatt wonþer As y yowe tollde,
 Men schalle say, "lord, thyn ore
 Off our sorowe & off our sore !"
 Thys tellyth the prophecy
- 60 In þe booke of Jeromy.

[1 MS. thynore]

III. The Sun

shall turn black
as pitch.

IV. Everything

on earth shall
turn into red
blood

and flee to the sea.

The Moon shall
fall from heaven.

V. All beasts
shall hold up their
heads towards
heaven.

Men shall pray
God mercy,

- and ask Christ to
[¹ Omitted, and
inserted in
Margin.]
bring them to
bliss.
VI. The Trees
shall turn upside
down,
- and children
shall die.
- VII. All castles
shall fall down.
[MS. down]
The hills
shall be lowered
and fill up the
valleys,
so that all the
earth shall be
even.
- VIII. A day of
dread.
- The Sea will rise
and flee,
- and be driven up
to the clouds by
the wind.
All living
will wish to be
hid under the
earth.
- Welle we schalle vndyrstonde
Thatt cristyndom hatt vnperfonge.
"Thatt day, Ihesus to vs se
64 As pou¹ vs bowtyst vppon a tre,
Thatt we may com to py blysse
Lord, when py wille ys!"
The vj day schall down Falle
68 The treys with þe croppys alle,
And toward þe erthe the croppys schalle be.
For fere the man schalle lese hys wyff,
The wyff her chyld, þe chyld hys lyff;
72 Alle thatt leve schall lese here wytte;
Wo they be thatt schalle a-byde hytte,
Bettyr they were to be oute off lyve
Than soche payne for to dryve.
76 The vij day schalle fall down
Chyrche and castelle and euery town²;
All schall to-breke; and euery hylle
Shalle lowe, valeys For to Fylle;
80 The erthe schalle [be] shene and clene;
In þis worlle alle schalle be evyn;
Than schalle þe worlle evyn be:
Wo ys he þat thatt schalle se!
84 The viij day ys a day off drede,
Ryth as moyses þe prophytt seyde
Thatt the see woll ryse & fle,
Thatt euery best aferd schall be;
88 Than for drede hytt woll ryse & flowe
With wawys grete, & stormys towe:
Thorowe the strength off þe wynd
Into the Welken hitt schall slynge;
92 All thatt leuyth þatt day
Wold fle away, but þey ne may;
Vndyr erthe I-hydd they wold be
Thatt Ihesu cryst scholl nott hem Ase.
96 Then wolle the see wytdrawe,

- And wend to hys owyn hawe.
 Godd of heuyn, þat best may,
 Haue mercy on vs vppon þatt day !
- 100 The ix day, wondyr hytt ys,
 As the prophcey tellyth hytt I wys :
 Thatt all þynge schall speke þan,
 And cry in erthe aftyr þe steuyn off man,
- 104 And be-mone hem self in owr syzth
 Ryth as þey speke myth.
 Lord Ihesu, thy myth þou fullfelle !
 We be sorry þatt we dede agayn þi wille
- 108 Or with towyth or with dede.
 Lord Ihesu ! brenge vs oute of þis drede
 Thatt we may com to rest !
 Ther bale ys most, & bote ys nexte.
- 112 The .x. day ys day of welaway
 As gregory sayth, and Jeromy :
 Than schalle knele þe angelys bryth
 Before þe face of godd allmyth.
- 116 Seynt peter, noþer his felow-redde,
 Dar nott speke A word for drede ;
 They schalle se heuyn vngo,
 And þe erthe schall Also,
- 120 They schalle schryke & crye lome
 For þe drede of þe grett dome.
 Develyn schall com oute off helle
 As seynt Johan doyth vs tell,
- 124 They schalle kry, " lord, thyn ore
 Off our sorowe & of our sore !
 Lett vs to heuyn com !
 Longe þou hast hytt vs be-nome
- 128 For our gylt, and our mysdede,
 And for our awyn wykkyd rede ! "
 Thys ys a day of moche sorowe ;
 A strongyr comyth on the morrowe.
- 132 The xi day comyth lyche,

IX. As the prophcey tells,

all things on earth shall speak with the voice of man and bemoan themselves.

Jesu, bring us from this dread to rest, with Thee.

X. A day of lamentation.

The Angels shall kneel before God.

Peter and his companions shall not dare to speak. Heaven and earth shall move onwards (?)

Devils shall come out of hell

and pray God to

let them come back in to heaven.

XI. Great storms

- shall rage ;
all rocks and
stones shall clash
together,
and all the world.
- The Rainbow
shall be twisted,
and the Devils
shall run back to
hell.
- XII. This day
is dreadful.
- Angels shall fall
at God's feet for
us.
- Lord, be merciful !
- XIII. Of this day,
- no one can tell
half the sorrow.
- All the stones on
earth
shall drive :
against one
another
- With stronge stormys sykyrlyche,
And alle the stonys moche & lyte
Scholle to-gedyr sore smyte ;
136 Alle the worlle schalle to-dryve ;
Wo be þey þatt ben on lyve !
The rayn bowe Iwryyd schalle be,
Grymlyche In syȝth for to see.
140 Than the deuelyn schalle swyde ren,
And for fere to helle torn ;
God wille say, " ther schull ye be,
Ther schall ye wone & be war,"
144 God grownte so to be-tyde
Thatt we may be on bettyr syde !
The xij day ys dredfulle than,
For than was neuer schappe of man
148 That wolle þatt god dyd hym ryth
Yff he dyrst, & most of myth.
Angelys thatt hym seruyn alle
Scholl for vs vppon kneys falle
152 To goddys feett for our syn ;
And for the loue of all man kyn.
Lord we be-seche the
In þi mercy for to be !
156 Dredfully comyth the xiij day
To all þatt Abyde hytt may.
Fro the begynnyng of Adamys com
Tylle the end of þe day of doome,
160 Ne myth no man in booke rede
Half the sorow, noþer half þe drede,
That god schalle say than
When he comyth down yn schappe of man,
164 For alle the stonys grett and smale
Thatt byth in erthe withoutyn tale,
All they schalle to-gedyr drynge,
And euerychon to oþer dyng ;
168 They schall ryse & grynd so

- Thatt þe fyr fro hem schalle go ;
 They schall bren also bryth
 As þe fyr of þe dondyr lyth.
- 172 The xiiij day ys A day of sorowe ;
 Stronge fyr schalle com on þe morow,
 Ther schalle nothyng in þys worlle leve
 Butt schalle bren to morow tyll eve.
- 176 Thys passyth nott swythe sone ;
 On the morow ys þe day of doome.
 The xv day comyth swythe :
- 180 For euery man þat was on lyve
 Fro Adamys tyme, the fyrst man,
 Alle to the dome schalle com than,
 Euery man of xxx^{ti} wynter olde,
 All schall com þe dome to be-holde ;
- 184 Euery man schalle opere mete
 Att the mownte of olevett.
 Two angelys schall blowe her bemys ;
 The folke schall com alle attonys.
- 188 Fulle sore than they may Agryse
 Whan they shulle to þe dome aryse,
 Two angelys schall com be-forne
 With þe scorges, and with the crowne of thorn
- 192 With drewry cher and sory mode
 As hytt on hys hedd stode ;
 And the sper al so scharpe
 As hytt stod on hys hertt.
- 196 For no enuy, ne for no pryde,
 Longeus hym stonge dorow þe syde :
 Longeus then styll stode,
 On hys fyngorys ran þe blod,
- 200 He strokyd ther-with hys eyn ryth,
 They be-coom as cler as candyllyth.
 "Kynge and lord full of pyte,
 Thys mys-gylt þou for-yeue me !
- 204 I dyd hyt for non evyll dede,
- so that fire shall
 fly from them
 like lightning.
- XIV. Fire shall
 come in the
 morning and
 burn up every
 thing on earth
 till the evening.
- XV. The Day of
 Doom.
 All men that
 have lived since
 Adam's time,
 every one made 30
 years old,
 shall come
 to Mount Olivet.
- Two angels shall
 blow their
 trumpets,
 two shall bring
 the scourges that
 beat Christ, and the
 Crown of Thorns
- as it stood on
 His head,
 with the spear,
 as it stood on His
 heart.
 (Longeus, the
 soldier, did not
 pierce Christ
 from envy or
 pride, but
 put Christ's
 blood on his eyes,
 and they became
 as clear as candle-
 light.
 'Piteous Lord,
 forgive me, who
 pierced Thee, my
 guilt.')"

- Angels shall
bring the Cross
and bloody nails.
- Then Christ, sad,
shall come,
- and say, "Man,
see what I
suffered for thee!
I was
- crowned with
thorns.
And thou lovedst
to swear by My
eyes, hair, and
pains,
- My five wounds,
teeth, tongue,
heart, lungs,
- side, brains and
head,
[I ? Aced]
nay, My soul.
- Such shame thou
didst me!
- Thou woldst not
feed or help me.
- What hast thou
suffered for Me?"
- Then comes Our
Lady, weeping
- tears of blood,
- and saying,
- "King and Lord,
my sweet Son,
[2 thes]
- grant me to-day
my prayer.
Lose not Thy
handiwork
- No^{per} for no covetyse of mede."
 Angelys schall brenge þe rode bryth, '
 With bloddy naylys precyous of syth.
- 208 Then comyth our lord with drewry mode,
 Wyth armys I-spred all on blod :
 "Man, now þe soth þou mayst I-se,
 Whatt I sufferd her for the.
- 212 Thys passyon I sufferd her for þe :
 I-cronyd I was with thornys of a tre ;
 Thys was to the leff for to swere
 Be my eyn & be myn here,
- 216 And be my paynys that wher stronge.
 Man, hytt was þe fulle ryve
 To swere be my wowndys fyve,
 Be my tethe And my tonge,
- 220 Be my hertt and be my longe,
 Hytt thowyth the fulle grett pryde
 For to swere be my syde,
 Be my brayne & be my hedd ; '¹
- 224 be my sowle I was ofte be-revyd.
 Man, hytt was full grett dyspyte
 So ofte to make me edwyte !
 Thou woldyst nott clothe me, ne fede,
- 228 Thou woldyst nott helpe me att my nede !
 Man ofte þou hast for-sworn me !
 Man what sufferst þou for me ?"
 Than comyth our lady hem be-fore—
- 232 In blyssyd tyme was she I-bore—
 With terys rennyng alle on blodd,
 Sore wepyng with drewry modd ;
 "Fadyr, & son, and holygost,
- 236 Kyng and lord as þou wost,
 My swete son, I praye de '²
 My bone to day þou grawnt me !
 Thy honde warke þat þou hast wrowyth,
- 240 My dere son, for-lese hem nowhte !

- | | | |
|-----|---|---|
| | Thou bowst hem wyth þy blodd | bought with Thy blood. |
| | And <i>with</i> þy flessch vpon þe rode ; | |
| | My swete son, I pray the | I pray Thee, |
| 244 | For all mankynd þat I may be ; | grant all men Thy bliss ; |
| | Graw[n]te hem þy swete blysse, | |
| | None of hem þatt þou ne mysse." | miss none ! " |
| | "Modyr, thy wille I-fullfyllid shall be, | "Mother, thy will shall be done. |
| 248 | Thy bone to day I grawnt hytt þe ; | |
| | The goode y wille lese nowth, | I will not lose the good. |
| | My hondwerke that I haue wrowth. | |
| | Thys þatt wallde nott serue me, | Those who would not serve Me |
| 252 | My blysse schalle they neuere se, | |
| | Into payne they schalle wende, | shall go to everlasting torment. |
| | To haue ³ hytt euere <i>with</i> outyn ende. | [³ <i>Awse</i> repeated in MS.] |
| | My chyldryn þat haue <i>seruyd</i> me, | My children, who have served Me, |
| 256 | In my blysse they schall euere be ; | |
| | Ye scholl com <i>with</i> me to heuyn | shall come with Me to heaven." |
| | <i>With</i> angelys songe and mery steuyn. | |
| | And he clepyth hym be-fore,— | |
| 260 | In blyssyd tyme wer they I-bore,— | |
| | He spekyth to hem myldelyche, | |
| | "Comyth <i>with</i> me to my kyngdome ryche." | |
| | Lord we be-seche þe | Lord, grant us to see Thy bliss when we die ! |
| 264 | Thy swete blysse þatt we mott se ; | |
| | When we com to oure lyvys ende, | |
| | Into thy blysse þat we mot wende, | |
| | And grawnt vs thatt hytt so be ! | |
| 268 | Amen, Amen, lord, For charite ! | Amen ! |

[For the meaning of l. 182, see Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience*, ed. Morris, 1863, p. 135, ll. 4983-90.

þan sal alle ryse in þe same eld þan
 þat God had fully here als man
 þan was he of threty yhere elde, and twa,
 And of thre monethes þar-with als wa ;
 In þat elde alle sal ryse at the last
 When þai here þe grete bemes blast.]

Who can not wepe, com lerne of me.

(THE VIRGIN'S SONG OVER HER DEAD SON.)

[MS. O. 9. 38, Trin. Coll. Cambridge. Written
mostly as prose.]

A woman fair
sat weeping

over her dead son
lying in her lap,

lamenting
how Jesus
was robbed of
his life, :

saying, 'Who
cannot weep,
come learn of me.'

"I cannot weep."

'Nature shall
make thee,

thy father is
dead ;

my son is robbed
of his life.'

Sodenly A-frayd, halfe wakyng, halfe slepyng,
and gretly dysmayd, A woman sate wepyng,
With fauour in here face far passyng, my reson,
4 And of here sore wepyng þis was þe encheson ;
Here sone yn here lappe layd, sche seyde, sleyn
by treson :
yf wepyng myȝt rype be, hit semyd then yn seson.
Ihesus, so sche sobbed,
8 so here sone was bobbed
And of hys lyue robbed ;
Seynge thys wordys as y seyde the,
"Who can not wepe, com lerne of me."

12 y seyde y cowde not wepe, y was so hard hertyd.
Sche answerd me shortly with wordys þat
smartyd,
"Lo, nature schall meue þe ; thow must be
conuertyd,
thyn owne fadyr thys nyȝth ys dede : " thys
sche twerhtyd :
16 "Ihesus, so my sone ys bobbed,
and of hys lyue robbed.
ffor soth then y sobbed

Veryfying thys wordys, seying to the,
 20 Who can not wepe com lerne at me."

"Now, breke hert, y the praye ! thys cord lyeth
 so rulye, 'Break, my heart!
for my son so
foully used.

So betyn, so woundyd, Entretyd so fuly.

What wyzt may be-hold, and wepe not ? none
 truly, Who could see
him and not
weep ?

24 to see my ded dyre sone bledynge, lo, thys
 newly !"

Euer styll sche sobbed,
 So here sone was bobbed So still she sobbed
how her son was
alain.
 And of hys lyue robbed.

28 Newyng these wordys, as y sey the,
 "Who can not wepe, com lerne at me."

On me sche cast here yee, and seyde, "see, man,
 thy brother !"

Sche kyste hym, and seyde, "swete, am y not She kissed him;
 thy modyr ?"

32 And swonyng sche fyller ; ther hyt wold be no she swooned ;
 nothyr :

y not whych more dedlye, the tone or the todyr.
 yett sche reuyued, and sobbed
 how here sone was bobbed

and reviving, she
sobbed how her
son was bobbed,

36 & of hys lyue robbed.

"Who can not wepe," thys ys the lay,
 And with that wordys sche vanyschyd A-way. : and then vanished
away.
 ffinis.

The Death of Archbishop Scrope

(WHO WAS BEHEADED, 8 JUNE, 1405).

[From MS. R. 4. 20, Trin. Coll. Cambridge, on a blank leaf at the end of Lydgate's *Siege of Thebes*.]

Wise Blahop
Scrope
is dead,

but by Mary's
help he may
rise to heaven.

On the hill
he took
his death right
willingly.

His executioner
knelt to him
and asked his
forgiveness.

He granted it,
asking for five
strokes
to send him
to heaven.

Hay hay hay hay thynke on Whitsonmonday.

The bysshop Scrope that was so wyse

Nowe is he dede and lowe he lyse hay

To hevyns blys yhit may he ryse

4 Thurghe helpe of Marie that mylde may

When he was broght vnto the hylle

He held hym both mylde and styлле hay

He toke his deth with fulle gode wyлле

8 As I haue herde fulle trewe men say

He that shulde his dethe be

He kneled downe vpon his kne hay

Lord your deth forgyffe it me

12 Fulle hertly here to yowe I pray

Here I wyлле the commende

yⁿ gyff me fyve strokys with thy hende hay

And then my wayes yⁿ latt me wende

16 To hevyns blys that lastys ay

[Compare Hall's Chronicle, *Hem. IV.* fol. xxv (ed. 1550) W. A. W.]

EXTRACT FROM *HALLS* AS TO ARCHBISHOP SCROPE'S
DEATH. ED. 1542 ? (HY. ELLIS) FOL. XXV.

KYNG HENRY THE .IIII.

¶ THE SIXT YERE.

IN this yere the Earle of Northumber-
lande, which bare styll a venomous
scorpion in his cankered heart, and coulede
not desist to inuent and deuise waies and meanes howe
to be reuenged of kyng Henry and his fautours, began
secretely to communicate his interior imaginacions and
pruie thoughtes with Richard Scrop, Archebishop of
Yorke, brother to william lord Scrop, treasurer of
England, whome kyng Henry (as you have heard) be-
headed at the towne of Bristow, and with Thomas
Mowberey, erle Marshal, sonne to Thomas duke of
Norffolke, for kyng Henries cause before banished
the realme of England, and with the lordes, Hast-
ynges, Fauconbridge, Bardolfe, and diverse other
whiche he knewe to beare deadely hate and inward
grudge toward the kyng. After long consultacion
had, it was finally concluded and determined amongst
theym, that all they, their frendes and alies, with all
their power, should mete at Yorkeswold at a day
appointed, and that therle of Northumberland should
be chefetaine and supreme gouernour of the armie,
which promised to bring with him a great number of
Scottes.

This sedicious conspiracye was not so secretly kept,
nor so closely cloked, but that the kyng therof had
knowledge, and was fully aduertised. wherfore to pre-
uent the time of their assembly, he, with suche power
as he could sodainly gather together, with all diligence

The vi
yere.

The Earle of
Northumberland
conspired with

Archbishop
Scrope,

Earl Mowbray,

and others, against

Henry,

and all agreed to

meet at Yorkes-
wold on a day
appointed.

But before this
Henry marched
northwards,

and apprehended
Archbishop
Scrope and others,

who were all
doomed to die on
Whit-Monday
outside York.

Seditious Asses
said that at the

Archbishop's
execution,
when he asked for
5 strokes, re-
membering
Christ's 5 wounds,
King Henry had
5 strokes in the
neck;
which is a lie.

What shall we

think of these
beastly persons,

these jugglers and
rallers?

Let wise men
judge.

marched toward the North parties, and vsed suche a celeritie in his iourney that he was thither come with all his hoste and power before the confederates hearde any inkelyng of his marchyng forward; and sodainly there wer apprehended the archebishop, the earle Marshall, sir Iohn Lampley, and sir Robart Plumpton. These personnes wer arraigned, atteinted, and adiudged to die; and so on the Monday in Whytson weke all they withoute the Citie of Yorke were beheaded.

Here of necessitie I ought not, nor will not, forgeate how some foolishe and fantasticall personnes haue wrytten, howe erronius Ippocrites and sedicyous Asses haue endited, howe superstitious Fryers and malycious Monkes haue declared and diuulged—bothe contrary to goddes doctrine, the honoure of their prince, and common knowen veritie—that at the howre of the execucion of this Bishop (which of the Execucioner desired to haue fve strokes in remembraunce of the fve woundes of Christ) the kyng at the same tyme syttyng at diner had .v. strokes in his necke by a person inuisible, & was incontinently stricken with a leprey; which is a manifest lye, as you shall after plainly perceiue.

What shall a man say of suche writers whiche toke upon them to knowe the secretes of Goddes iudgement? what shall men thinke of suche beastly persones, whiche, regardyng not their bounden dutie and obeisance to their prynce & souerain Lorde, enuied the punishment of traiters and torment of offenders. But what shall all men coniecture of suche whyche, fauor-ynge theyr owne worldly dignitie, their owne priuat auctorite, their owne peculiar profit, wyl thus iuggle, raile, and imagine fantasies agaynst their soueraigne lorde and Prince, and put them in memorye as a miracle to his dyshonor and perpetuall infamy: well let wyse men iudge what I haue said.

GLOSSARY.

- Abie, p. 26, l. 130 ; p. 96, l. 22, pay for, atone for; A.S. *abicgan*.
 Abowe, p. 97, l. 69, bow, bend, humble.
 Adwiten, p. 70, l. 396, blame, accuse; A.S. *edwitan*.
 Azenseid, p. 94, l. 100, denied.
 Aggregidist, p. 52, l. 346, *aggreger*, to aggravate. Cotgrave.
 Agryse, p. 123, l. 188, A.S. *agrysan*, to fear.
 Among, p. 81, l. 59, at intervals, 'amonge, or sum tyme, *interdum, quandoque*.' P. Parv.
 Apeeel, p. 71, l. 433, Fr. *appeler*, to accuse, appeach, or charge with. Cot.
 Aslake, p. 80, l. 47, A.S. *aslacian*, slacken, dissolve.
 Aslope, p. 54, l. 427, aside.
 Asswage, p. 79, l. 10, quiet down; Fr. *assouager*, to assuage, quiet, still, pacifie. Cot.
 Attir, p. 24, l. 62, poisonous.
 Auantage, at his, p. 81, l. 70, in his power, control.
 Awaite, p. 76, l. 593, ? watch.
 Balke, p. 92, l. 47, baulk, a mess of his life.
 Beerde, p. 13, l. 50, woman, maiden.
 Beete, p. 12, l. 11, A.S. *gebétan*, to amend, atone for.
 Bemys, p. 123, l. 186, trumpets; A.S. *béme*.
 Bigoon, p. 16, l. 40, overwhelmed; A.S. *begán*, to go over.
 Bihatid, p. 82, l. 24, thoroughly hated.
 Bihiȝt, p. 19, l. 52, promised; A.S. *beháten*.
 Bikir, p. 46, l. 15, strife.
 Binam, p. 92, l. 34, took away from; A.S. *benám*.
 Bitake, p. 20, l. 74, commit; A.S. *betæcan*.
 Bleere, p. 60, l. 78, mock, scorn; 'I gyue him the best counsayle I can, and the knaue *bleareth* his tonge at me, *tirer la langue*.' Palsgrave.
 Blynne, p. 97, l. 66, cease.
 Blyue, p. 46, l. 177; p. 96, l. 30, quickly.
 Bobbed, p. 126, l. 8, beaten; 'bobet on the heed, *coup de poing*.' Palsgrave.
 Boone, p. 6, l. 21, prayer; A.S. *ben*.

- Bote, p. 11, l. 104, remedy ; A.S. *bót*.
 Boteles, p. 108, l. 42, remediless.
 Brene, p. 102, l. 31, ?not A.S. *breme*, glorious, but '*brym* or fers. *Ferus, ferox.*' Pr. Parv.
 Broode, p. 37, l. 77, abroad, about.
 Careful, p. 16, l. 39, full of care and trouble.
 Cesoun, p. 42, l. 28, ?seizin, possession, or 'take a cesoun,' stay a season or time.
 Chesoun, p. 42, l. 32, cause, reason ; O.Fr. *achaison*, occasion.
 Clene, p. 1, l. 7, pure ; 'Clene, *mundus, purus.*' Pr. Parv.
 Clennesse, p. 64, l. 197, purity.
 Clinge, p. 85, l. 68 ; p. 89, l. 20, A.S. *clingan*, to wither, cling, or shrink up.
 Conclude, p. 77, l. 605, shut up.
 Contrarie, p. 37, l. 87, go contrary to.
 Coorde, p. 38, l. 111, accord, agree.
 Coost, p. 34, l. 63, Fr. *costé*, a coast or quarter. Cotgrave.
 Countirtaille, p. 71, l. 416, Fr. *contretaille*, the one part of a tallie, or score, alreadie marked, or notched. Cotgrave.
 Croppys, p. 120, l. 68, tops ; A.S. *crop*, top, bunch, berry.
 Cunne, p. 114, l. 15, A.S. *cunnan*, to know.
 Cus, p. 12, l. 22, kiss ; A.S. *cus*, *cyss*.
 Daswen, p. 68, l. 338, become dazed or dim ; Du. *duyster*, dim.
 Defie, p. 95, l. 6, fear for ?
 Delice, p. 78, l. 633 ; Delijs, p. 42, l. 43, Fr. *delices*, delights, pleasures.
 Dere, p. 110, l. 67, injure ; A.S. *derian*.
 Derworpiest, p. 52, l. 352, A.S. *deorwurde*, precious, of great value.
 Diffence, p. 60, l. 63, Fr. *defense*, answer, argument.
 Discure, p. 63, l. 165, discover.
 Dispence, p. 63, l. 157, gain, reward ?
 Disceyuable, p. 86, l. 7, deceitful.
 Disperage, p. 74, l. 508, incongruity ; O.Fr. *desparager*, to offer vnto, or impose on, a man vnfit, or unworthie conditions. Cot.
 Dondyr, p. 118, l. 24, thunder.
 Drewis, p. 60, l. 66 ? draughts.
 Drynge, p. 122, l. 166, A.S. *pringan*, throng, rush.
 Dwyne, p. 27, l. 176, dwindle ; A.S. *drīnan*, to pine, fade, waste away.
 Edwyte, p. 124, l. 226, reproach, twitting ; A.S. *edwite*, reproach, disgrace, contumely.
 Encheson, p. 10, l. 75, occasion ; O. French, *achaison*.
 Ensure, p. 18, l. 9, cock sure.
 Entensioun, p. 21, l. 92, ?excuse, or mind.
 Eruest, p. 69, l. 350, harvest ; A.S. *hærfest*.
 Faite, p. 77, l. 595, ?deceive ; O.Fr. '*faiteus*, criminel, coupable.'
 Fare, p. 95, l. 13, goings on, ways, life.
 Fawe, p. 96, l. 28, fain, glad.
 Felle, p. 25, l. 92, ?fail, or fell.
 Fen, p. 26, l. 121, mire, mud.
 Fere, p. 38, l. 111, company ; *in fere*, together.
 Fere, p. 86, l. 16, companion, person.
 Filist, p. 114, l. 3, defilest.
 Flaite, p. 75, l. 532, Du. *vleyden*, to flatter, to sooth, or to entice with faire [words]. Hexham.

- Fleme, p. 18, l. 17, banish; A.S. *flyman*.
 Florische, p. 89, l. 18, ornament, deck.
 Foisoun, p. 43, l. 64, Fr. *foison*, plentie, great fullnesse. Cot.
 Fondid, p. 8, l. 23, tried; A.S. *fandian*, to try.
 Foondi, p. 95, l. 13, try.
 Foonued, p. 96, l. 33, foolish?
 For, p. 19, l. 35, 40, because.
 Forbeere, p. 60, l. 76, restrain.
 Forclonge, p. 18, l. 31, A.S. *clingan*, to wither, pine, or shrink up; *forclungen*, shrunk.
 Forlete, p. 30, l. 250, A.S. *forletan*, to let go.
 Forþi, p. 24, l. 89, for that reason.
 Foulden, p. 73, l. 485, fold, bend.
 Frame, p. 44, l. 97, A.S. *freme*, profit, advantage.
 Frauzte, p. 76, l. 590, freight, load.
 Frike, p. 23, l. 26, glad, joyful; A.S. *frician*, to dance, frisk.
 Gesoun, p. 64, l. 206, Fr. *gesse*, a common sinke or sewer; a gutter for the voiding of ordure. Cotgr. Not. E. *geason*, rare, strange.
 Gist, p. 93, l. 63, show.
 Glewe, p. 29, l. 236, A.S. *gleow*, joy, mirth, glee.
 Grame, p. 63, l. 168, A.S. *grama*, anger, rage, wrath.
 Greede, p. 14, l. 73, greet, moan; A.S. *gratan*, to weep, cry out.
 Gril, p. 83, l. 12, sharp, unkind; O.N. *grila*. H. Coleridge.
 Hadde-y-wist, p. 73, l. 497, had-I-known (what would have happened), after-regret.
 Happe, p. 89, l. 26, wrap over, cover for defence; Isl. *hypia*, Jamieson.
 Harewide, p. 53, l. 385, tore open.
 Hawe, p. 121, l. 97, A.S. *hæh*, hole, den.
 He, p. 59, l. 39, they.
 Hende, p. 7, l. 25, gentle.
 Hildande, p. 23, l. 55, beholden.
 Hirde, p. 17, l. 52, A.S. *hirde*, a shepherd.
 Ho, p. 14, l. 71, halt, stop.
 Homeli, p. 63, l. 163, familiar.
 Hore, p. 83, l. 13, hoar, hoariness.
 Hote, p. 41, l. 15, be called; A.S. *hatan*.
 Ilke, p. 23, l. 54, every.
 Insiȝt, p. 66, l. 250; p. 69, l. 339, 'insyȝht, *inspexio*, *circumspectio*.' Promptorium.
 Kinde, p. 20, l. 59, nature.
 Kipe, p. 11, l. 92, show; A.S. *cyðan*, to make known, declare, show.
 Kynde, p. 9, l. 53, nature; A.S. *ge-cynd*.
 Kyndeli, p. 8, l. 19, natural; A.S. *ge-cyndelic*.
 Lappid, p. 3, l. 50, wrapped; 'Lappyn, or whappyn yn cloþys (happyn-to-gedyr, wrap togeder in clothes). *Involvo*.' P. Parv.
 Lauȝt, p. 30, l. 249; p. 76, l. 586, caught, taken; A.S. *læccan*, to seize.
 Leeme, p. 52, l. 335, A.S. *leoma*, light, flame.
 Leepis, p. 47, l. 181; p. 72, l. 451, A.S. *leap*, a basket, hamper.
 Leere, p. 8, l. 5, teach; A.S. *læran*.
 Lees, p. 16, l. 45, lies.
 Leit, p. 48, l. 226; Leite, p. 52, l. 355, lightning; A.S. *lihting*.
 Lende, p. 23, l. 41, lent; A.S. *lehed*.
 Lent, p. 105, l. 26, put away; A.S. *lengde*, put off, *perf.* of *lengian*.

- Lete, p. 28, l. 186, leave, cease ; A.S. *letan*, let go.
- Lewide, p. 67, l. 303, lay, ignorant.
- Leye, p. 95, l. 2, field after the crop is cut, *clover ley*, &c. ; ? not A.S. *lagu*, a district in which a certain law was in force.
- Likerose, p. 20, l. 55, lecherous.
- Likid, p. 8, l. 16, pleased.
- Liking, p. 3, l. 50, pleasant.
- Likinge, p. 92, l. 49 ; p. 93, l. 77, 81, lust.
- Likingly, p. 91, l. 20, pleasantly.
- List, p. 4, l. 3 ; A.S. *list*, wisdom, science, power, faculty ; *lyst*, desire, love, admiration.
- Lome, p. 121, l. 120, frequently ; A.S. *gelóme*.
- Maistrie, p. 20, l. 80, mastery, (see p. 33, l. 58.) ? not tricks.
- Mammillis, p. 1, l. 5, breasts, paps ; Pappe, *Mamilla*. P. Parv.
- Maugre, p. 65, l. 215, reviling, railing ; Fr. *maugréer*, to curse, reuile extremely, raile on despihtfully.
- Mawmetis, p. 45, l. 118, idols.
- Medele, p. 20, l. 86, mingle.
- Meene, p. 1, l. 4, remember ; A.S. *mænan*.
- Meete, p. 1, l. 6, food.
- Melle, p. 53, l. 387, meddle.
- Mengid, p. 59, l. 51, A.S. *men-gian*, mix, mingle.
- Mett, p. 118, l. 15, measure ; A.S. *mete*.
- Mydmore, p. 83, l. 17, mid-morning.
- Mynde, p. 9, l. 25, ? mention, or A.S. *myne*, memory.
- Mynne, p. 24, l. 78, remember.
- Myscheue, p. 90, l. 46, come to grief.
- Mystire, p. 76, l. 572, need ; Fr. *mestier*, need, lacke, necessitie, want. Cotgrave.
- Nempne, p. 6, l. 7, name ; A.S. *nemnan*.
- Newyng, p. 127, l. 28, renewing, repeating.
- Nuyzed, p. 106, l. 13, annoyed, troubled.
- Nyce, p. 53, l. 390, Fr. *niais*, a simple, witlesse, and vnexperienced gull. *Nice*, lither, lazie, sloathfull, dull, simple. Cot.
- Nym, p. 53, l. 371, take ; A.S. *niman*, to take.
- Of, p. 98, l. 101, from.
- Ore, p. 119, l. 57, mercy.
- Ouerhope, p. 68, l. 331, too much confidence, sanguineness.
- Paieth, p. 24, l. 58, pleases.
- Pay, p. 14, l. 80, satisfaction, pleasure ; *payé*, satisfied, contented. Cotgrave.
- Pilis, p. 64, l. 182, peels, holds, castles.
- Pizt, p. 3, l. 61, pitched ; p. 4, l. 13 ; p. 94, l. 90, placed ; p. 12, l. 16, put, dressed.
- Pooste, p. 43, l. 79, power.
- Port, p. 93, l. 85, mien.
- Prest, p. 45, l. 116, quickly.
- Prouz, p. 50, l. 288, advantage, profit ; Fr. *prou*.
- Pure, p. 18, l. 11, purify.
- Pursue, p. 68, l. 328, follow, strive.
- Put, p. 73, l. 475, throw, casting.
- Queed, p. 6, l. 18, wicked one, devil ; Dutch, *quaad*.
- Qwart, p. 23, l. 2, of good heart or cheer ; O.Fr. *quor*, courage.
- Qweme, p. 18, l. 15, A.S. *cweman*, to please.
- Race, p. 48, l. 238, A.S. *ræs*, rush, attack ; cp. millrace.

- Raþer, p. 88, l. 16, earlier, sooner.
 Rapir, p. 86, l. 9, preferable.
 Releef, p. 47, l. 181, leavings.
 Remewe, p. 20, l. 69, remove.
 Rere, p. 70, l. 379, late. *Rere*
 suppers are complained of in
 Waddington (b. 1300), Robert
 of Brunne, 1303, A.D., and
 many other writers.
 Rereage, p. 73, l. 483, arrears.
 Reueþ, p. 30, l. 257, bereaves,
 takes away.
 Riȝt, p. 46, l. 170, upright,
 straight.
 Rijfe, p. 92, l. 29, much ; Du.
 rijf, rife, abundant.
 Romage, p. 93, l. 60, roaming.
 Rouȝte, p. 36, l. 38, recked ; A.S.
 róhte.
 Rowne, p. 63, l. 163, whisper.
 Ruli, p. 10, l. 68, grievous ; p.
 89, l. 27, sad, mournful ; A.S.
 hreoþu, grief, penitence ; *hreoþu-*
 lic, cruel, mournful.
 Ryve, p. 124, l. 217 (see *rijfe*),
 customary, frequent.

 Sadli, p. 8, l. 7, fixedly.
 Sale, p. 57, l. 502 ; Fr. *salle*, hall.
 Saugȝte, p. 76, l. 592, A.S. *saht*,
 reconciled.
 Sauȝten, p. 108, l. 38, reconcile ;
 A.S. *sehtian*. Note the change
 to *soften* in the later text, p.
 109.
 Schende, p. 11, l. 118, shame, dis-
 grace, ruin ; A.S. *sceond*, shame,
 disgrace.
 Schendip, p. 53, l. 374, A.S.
 scendan, to confound, shame,
 reproach, revile.
 Schille, p. 65, l. 232 ; schylle
 and sharpe, *acutus*, *sonorus*.
 Schowr, p. 44, l. 96, A.S. *scúr*,
 battle, fight.
 Sconftith, p. 46, l. 154, dis-
 comfits.

 Scryue, p. 58, l. 2, describe.
 Secke, p. 76, l. 589, sack, bag.
 See, p. 13, l. 54, seat.
 Seelde, p. 41, l. 6, seldom.
 Seete, p. 37, l. 89, set.
 Sege, p. 2, l. 35, seat ; Fr. *siège*.
 Seruile, p. 104, l. 15, of service,
 of business.
 Sijke, p. 78, l. 634, sickness ;
 Du. *ziek*, sick.
 Sikir, p. 33, l. 50, certain, sure.
 Skile, p. 9, l. 33, reason ; O.N.
 skil.
 Slake, p. 11, l. 112, become slack,
 cease.
 Slidir, p. 49, l. 269, slydyr (or
 swypyr as a wey). *Lubricus*,
 P. Parv.
 Smerte, p. 93, l. 67, smart, pain,
 prick.
 Soote, p. 29, l. 248, sweet one.
 Spaynel, p. 91, l. 4, spaniel ; Fr.
 espagneul, a Spaniell. Cot.
 Spousebriche, p. 47, l. 188,
 adultery.
 Spurne, p. 43, l. 76, A.S. *spurnan*,
 to strike with the heel ; p. 91,
 l. 11, spurned.
 Spute, p. 46, l. 164, dispute.
 Stabilte, p. 26, l. 144, fixedness,
 firmness.
 Stie, p. 90, l. 48, ascend.
 Stiz, p. 55, l. 460, ascended ; AS.
 stigan, to ascend, rise.
 Stintith, p. 116, l. 62, stoppeth.
 Sue, p. 20, l. 68, follow.
 Suffraunce, p. 33, l. 50, Fr.
 souffrance, sufferance, forbear-
 ance, patience, abiding.
 Sunge, p. 110, l. 73, sin ; A.S.
 syngian.
 Superflue, p. 89, l. 30, super-
 fluous.
 Swarte, p. 119, l. 33, dark,
 black (swarthy).
 Swing, p. 28, l. 203, A.S.
 swingan, to whip, scourge.

Swipe, p. 69, l. 348, quickly.
 Swyde, p. 122, l. 140, quickly.
 Swynk, p. 89, l. 32, A.S. *swinc*,
 labour, *geswinc*, affliction,
 torment.

Temynge, p. 4, l. 20, childbirth ;
 A.S. *teám*, offspring ; *teámian*,
téman, to propagate, beget.

Tende, p. 69, l. 369 ; tenden, p.
 41, l. 6, attend.

Tene, p. 24, l. 71, A.S. *teóna*,
 injury, wrong.

þat þat, p. 51, l. 310, that which.

þee, p. 63, l. 176, thrive.

þertille, p. 9, l. 37, thereto, in
 addition.

þirle, p. 26, l. 147, pierce ; A.S.
þirlian.

þole, p. 23, l. 27, A.S. *þolian*,
 suffer.

þrong, p. 13, l. 27, driven, forced ;
 A.S. *þringan*, to press, crowd.

þrouz, p. 13, l. 32, A.S. *þruh*, a
 chest, coffin, sepulchre, grave.

Tille, p. 27, l. 168, to.

Toberste, p. 30, l. 251, burst all
 to pieces.

Tobreke, p. 29, l. 247, break to
 pieces.

Torent, p. 20, l. 82, rent to pieces.

Towe, p. 120, l. 29, tough, harsh ;
 A.S. *tóh*.

Towyth, p. 121, l. 108, thought.

Twertyd, p. 126, l. 15, retorted ?
 A.S. *hweorfan*, to turn.

Twynne, p. 23, l. 37, separate.

Tyne, p. 25, l. 103, A.S. *tynan*,
 to hedge in, enclose, shut, close.

Uertu, p. 67, l. 300, power,
 strength.

Vertu, p. 72, l. 455, power,
 strength.

Vncele, p. 106, l. 21, unhappiness.

Vndirfonge, p. 69, l. 367, receive,

take ; A.S. *underfangan*, under-
 take, receive.

Vndirnome, p. 50, l. 289, ?took-
 est up or under, objectedst to ;
 A.S. *underniman*, to undertake,
 comprehend.

Vngo, p. 121, l. 118, ?*vn* for *um*,
 round ; A.S. *ymbgan*, go round.

Vndren, p. 84, l. 25, A.S. *undern*,
 the third hour, 9 a.m., extend-
 ing also to noon.

Vnleueful, p. 110, l. 74, unlawful.

Vnneþe, p. 70, l. 373, A.S. *un-
 édelice*, uneasily, with difficulty,
 scarcely, hardly.

Vnourne, p. 71, l. 404, A.S.
vmórnlic, old, worn.

Vnsauþe, p. 108, l. 37, unfriend-
 ly ; A.S. *seht*, friendship, peace ;
unseht, want of friendship, en-
 mity. Note the *unsoft* of the
 later text, p. 109.

Vnschent, p. 106, l. 6, unpunished.

Vnskillfully, p. 112, l. 90, un-
 reasonably ; see *skil*.

Vnsperid, p. 41, l. 15, set free,
 unlocked ; 'speryn, or schet-
 tyn, *claudo* ; speryn and schette
 wythe lökkys. Sero, obsero.' Pr.
 Parv.

Waitist, p. 50, l. 288, plannest.

Wake, p. 32, l. 8 ; p. 99, l. 141,
 watch ; A.S. *wæcan*.

Wan, p. 13, l. 41, wonnst, wentest.

Waterless, p. 20, l. 53, without
 water.

Wedde, p. 10, l. 60, pledge ; A.S.
wed.

Wede, p. 12, l. 18, garment ; A.S.
wéd.

Welkid, p. 24, l. 68, faded, turned
 white ; A.S. *wéalcere*, a fuller,
 a whitener of cloths.

Wem, p. 83, l. 13, spot, A.S. *wem*.

Wente, p. 9, l. 51, gone.

Were, p. 106, 107, l. 2, danger ;

- A.S. *wér*, a fine for slaying a man; p. 116, l. 87, doubt?
 Weuere, p. 77, l. 603, weaver, contriver, schemer.
 White, p. 72, l. 450, quick, active; same as
 Wizte, p. 63, l. 150; Sw. *vig*, active; 'wyte, or delyvyr, or awyfte, Agilis, velox.' Pr. Parv.
 Wiztli, p. 13, l. 41, swiftly, or powerfully.
 Wijs, p. 98, l. 94, teach.
 Wis, p. 11, l. 115; Wisse, p. 14, l. 68; A.S. *wissian*, to instruct, guide, govern.
 Wite, p. 34, l. 67; p. 99, l. 4, know; A.S. *witan*.
 Wyte, p. 35, l. 8, 16, &c., blame, reproach; impute, ascribe to; A.S. *witan*, *witan*.
 Wone, p. 11, l. 120, dwell; A.S. *wunian*.
 Woniynge, p. 28, l. 199, dwelling.
- Woost, p. 39, l. 35, knowest.
 Worschipide, p. 53, l. 401, honoured.
 Wreche, p. 16, l. 35, vengeance; A.S. *wræc*.
 3eere, p. 65, l. 244; p. 67, l. 286, ? A.S. *geare*, certainly.
 3eme, p. 52, l. 340; A.S. *giman*, govern, take care of.
 3ernynge, p. 28, l. 197, yearning, desire.
 3ore, p. 92, l. 35, formerly.
 Yflet, p. 92, l. 37, fled, gone.
 Yhit, p. 128, l. 3, yet.
 Yloore, p. 79, l. 5, lost; A.S. *loren*.
 Ymet, p. 81, l. 74, dreamt; A.S. *mætod*.
 Ynne, p. 69, l. 359, ? bring in, not let in; A.S. *innan*, to go in, enter.
 Ynow, p. 76, l. 567, enough.

NOTES.

P. 58. *Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life*. "The auncient sages by curious notes haue found out, that certaine yeeres in mans life be very perilous. These they name climacterical or stayrie yeares, for then they saw great alterations. Now a climactericall yeare is euery seauenth yeare . . . Hence is it that in the seauenth 'yeere children doe cast and renew their teeth. In the fourteenth yeere proceedeth the stripping age. In the one and twentieth, youth. And when a man hath past seauen times seauen years, to weet, nine and fortie yeares, he is a ripe and perfect man. Also, when he attaineth to ten times seauen yeeres, that is, to the age of threescore and ten, his strength and chiefest vertue beginnes to fall away." W. Vaughan, *Natural and Artificial Directions for Health*, 1602, pp. 47-8.

P. 128. Archbishop Scrope's Death. See the Latin Poem on this in Mr. Thomas Wright's "Political Songs," v. 2, p. 114-18.

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